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# OGAN AND HOGAN

CHARLES A. McALPINE

1. Wit and humor, American.

VBX

McAlister



**HOGAN AND HOGAN**



# HOGAN AND HOGAN

A Book of Religious Humor

By

CHARLES A. McALPINE

SOMETIME CORRESPONDING SECRETARY  
THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY CONVENTION  
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

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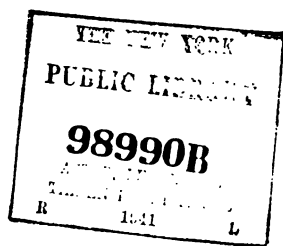
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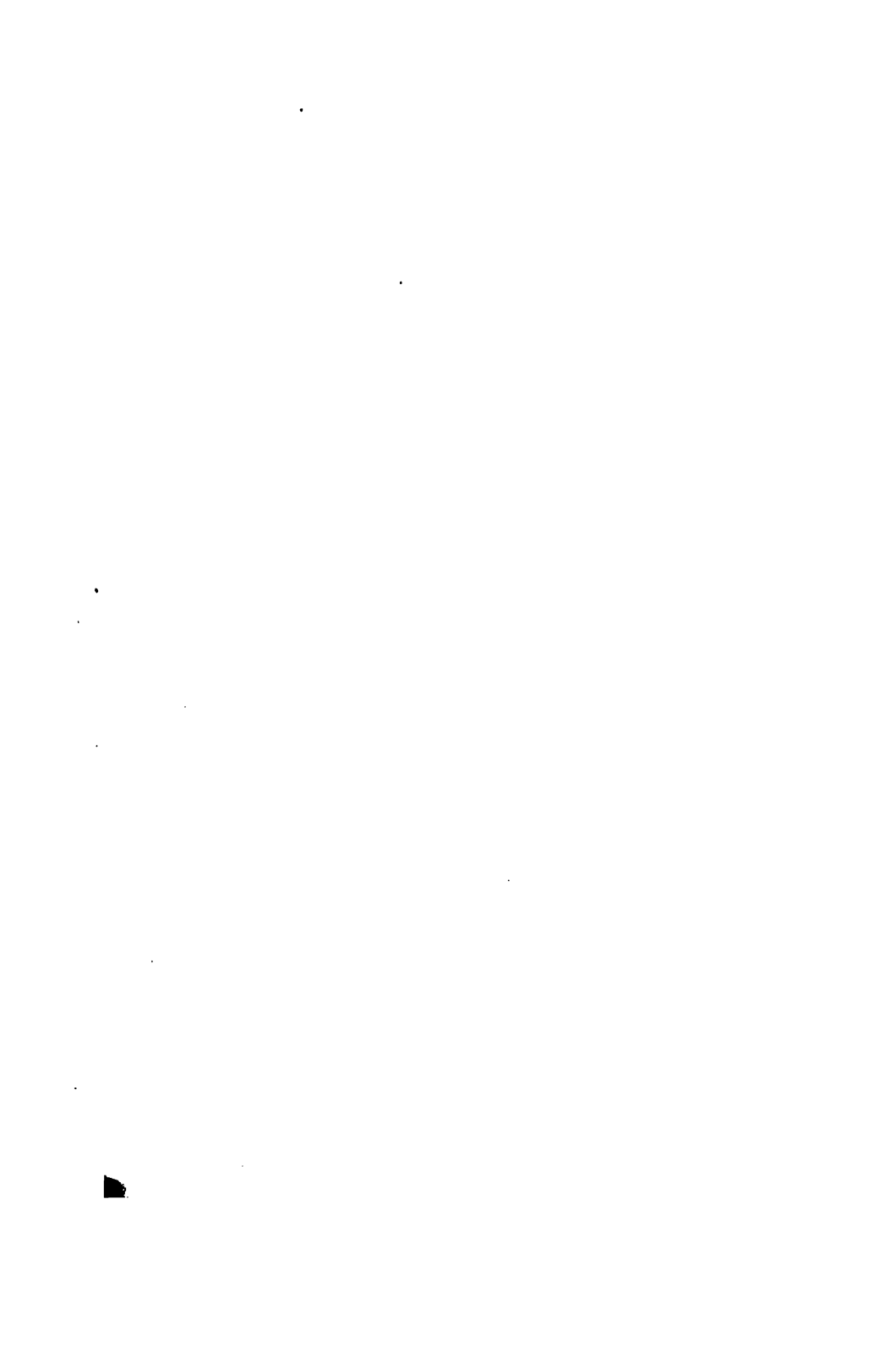


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TO  
THE PREACHERS  
I HAVE KNOWN  
WHOSE BREAD I HAVE EATEN,  
WHOSE TROUBLES I HAVE SHARED,  
WHOSE SUCCESSES I HAVE REJOICED IN,  
WHOSE STORIES I HAVE LAUGHED AT,  
WHOSE PEOPLE I HAVE PREACHED TO,  
WHOSE HEROISM HAS SHAMED ME,  
WHOSE FAITH HAS INSPIRED ME;  
THE ROYAL BROTHERHOOD OF NEW YORK  
PREACHERS  
FELLOWLABORERS WHOSE NAMES ARE  
WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.

*W. D. Thompson, 12, 9, '40*



## FOREWORD

### WHY?

A man must plead extenuating circumstances now-a-days for the crime of writing a book. If he can allege more than one reason in his defense he ought to escape with a comparatively light sentence.

I have three motives for submitting this volume of stories to that portion of the reading public which would naturally be interested in the type of subject and treatment here employed.

My first reason is the desire to provide pure entertainment. A wholesome laugh which springs from clean and untainted humor is a spiritual tonic. And a tonic is not without real value.

In the second place, there are some truths which can be emphasized and clinched in people's thought, and some errors of thought and action which can be touched upon, through the medium of humor, which would receive scant notice if presented in essay or sermon. And there are some people who will listen to a little theology if it is dressed

in work-a-day clothes (with perchance a hole or a patch for the sake of realism) instead of in a Prince Albert and white tie.

In my work as Superintendent of state missions for the Baptists of New York, I stumbled quite by accident, or at least without serious design, upon the expedient of using the "Dooley" style for calling attention to one or two matters of current interest in the work. And inasmuch as there was no one else ploughing this same ground, as far as religious thought and work are concerned, quite a large company of friends have insisted that here was a field for cultivation which would yield a good spiritual harvest. I have therefore hoped that I could render a real ministry in such a book as this and at the same time make the book a souvenir of my happy connection with the state work.

My official connection accounts for several references in the book and especially for the last chapter on "The Order of Ex," read at a banquet in connection with the meetings at which I severed my official relations with the Convention. But many of the problems touched upon are common to all churches with congregational forms of government and most of them to all Protestant bodies.

God bless "Hogan and Hogan."

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCING HOGAN AND HOGAN

**A**LTHOUGH Mary McCarthy was pronounced by Father Ryan to be the lawfully wedded wife of Matthew Hogan more than twenty years ago, an assertive personality housed in a somewhat imposing physique has kept her from becoming so far a subject of benevolent assimilation as to be known as the conventional Mrs. Hogan or as "Mat Hogan's ole woman." From the first the neighborhood insisted that the new partnership was not Mr. and Mrs. Hogan, but Hogan and Hogan,—a combination that committed the speaker to no partisanship as to the headship of the house and left the hearer free to understand whether the first named was Matthew or Mary, according to his judgment as to the fitness of things. So that if an agent selling washboards or patent mops asks "Who lives in Number 5?" it is always "Hogan



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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and Hogan." "There goes Hogan and Hogan" is the frequent comment on the passing of the couple on a Sunday afternoon stroll down Arcady Place.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mary Hogan is a shrew or a vixen or an athletic Tartar. She is in truth a good housekeeper, and a cheerful companion, is possessed of a wholesome philosophy of life, and is just the kind of a wife Matthew Hogan needs and is fortunate to have secured. What if she does occasionally give "the ole man" a tongue lashing that makes him "fale loike the worrum he is," when he has suffered another lapse at Jim Flanigan's Place around the corner? Doesn't he deserve it and hasn't Mary scrubbed floors and windows sixteen hours a day for a month a dozen times to pay back Alderman Quinn what she borrowed—borrowed indeed to pay Mat's fine so he wouldn't have to go to jail after she had had him arrested for beating her up when he was full of bad whiskey? And if you should try to intermeddle with

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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their family discussion of a Saturday evening when Mat has left too large a part of the contents of his pay envelope in the saloon, you would find it expedient to beat a hasty retreat before Mary emphasized her information that they were having their "own swate scrap" all to themselves with a flat iron aimed at your head.

As for Matthew, the Vulcan Bridge Works never had a better ironworker. He was made for better things, was Matthew, and had it not been for the weakness that too often leads him into Jim Flanigan's Place, he would today be owner of the bridge works, not an employee. For Matthew has a keen mind, a genial disposition, and a judgment of men and their motives which is quite remarkable. His philosophizings on the ways of God and men still reveal something of the man that might have been. Frequent trips away from home in the building of new bridges here and there give him abundant opportunity for observation, and for conversation with vari-

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*HOGAN AND HOGAN*

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ous travelers. And being of a rather talkative temperament himself, he has many matters of great interest to report to Mary and the children on his return—or as sometimes happens, to his friend Flanigan, if he happens to go home on the wrong side of the street.

## CHAPTER II

### BILLY SUNDAY IN ACTION

"Hogan" says Mr. Flanigan during a lull in trade one warm spring afternoon, "Where is Wilke's barr?"

"Who's barr?" 'asks Matthew.

"Mr. Wilke's" replies Flanigan. "Oi niver heard of him befurre, but some wan says this marnin' that Billy Sunday has been raisin' the divil wid the liquor business since he got round Wilke's barr."

"Oh," says Matthew, "yez mane Wilkez-Barry. That ain't a saloon, Flanigan, it's a town down in Pennsylvany, among the coal moines. They say there's enough coal under the town to run the worruld a hundred years an' enough rum sold in the town to run hell fer a hundhred thousand years.

"That man Sunday youze heard about" continues Hogan, "is phwat they caal an evangelis', an' they do say that whin the whiskey payple hear that he's comin' to

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*HOGAN AND HOGAN*

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town they begin to have the shaakin' palsy an' show a sudden an' wonderful interest in rayligion. They become verry much concerned about the spiritual loife av the town an' are afraid that the payple will be corrupted by assoshiatin' wid sich a man as an evangelis'. An' the way they thry to pull the wool over the eyes av the onsuspectin' ministers an' befuddle the payple's moinds by caalin' him a grafter an' vulgar an' mercenary an' aal, it is to laugh, Jim. They must be runnin' a press bureau an' spendin' a lot av gude money they'd betther save fer the rainy day that's comin' to thim. They ayven ask the ministers to hold a conference wid thim to consider the moral character of this man Sunday. The praychers at Wilkez Barry rayplied that they didn't care to confer wid brooders on the moral character av a minister. Koind av a swaat in the solar plexus for thim, wan't it?

"That feller Sunday, Jim, is better'n a dozen prohybishun laaws. He puts prohybishun right under a man's shirrut

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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### WHERE IT HURTS.

*"He gits a man to say 'Heaven fer moine, to hell wid rum'; an' next Saturday noight he brings home a full pay envelope. That's what hurruts yer liquor business, Flanigan."*

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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where he lives, instid av on the statute books where he don't live. He gits a man to say 'Hivin fur mine, to hell wid rum' an' nixt Saturday noight he brings home a full pay envelope. That's whaat hurrts yer liquor business, Flanigan.

"Glory be," exclaims Flanigan. "I hope he won't show up in Arcady Place."

"You're roight, man" replies Matthew. "Oi heard that the brooers said 'twud have paid thim to have spint fifty thousand dollars to kept him away from Wilkez Barry. But nothin' cud stop him, whin wance he got goin', not ayven buyin' up the movin' pickshure shows an' givin' the tickets away.

"Yez know oi met up agin wid me minister frind on the train the other day an' he persuaded me to sthop over Sunday in Wilkez Barry, instid of goin' on to Noo Yorruk. He got me a ticket inter the meetin' so's oi cud see the whole show."

"Phwat koind av a show, Hogan?" asks Flanigan. "Phwat is an evangelis' annyway?"

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## *BILLY SUNDAY*

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"An evangelis', Flanigan, is a Ray-voival Man" answers Mat. "An' this here Billy Sunday is the king pin av the whole bunch. He goes into a city an' gits a big tabernacle built that'll hold about tin thousand payple. An' whin the crowd gits together he delivers himself av a few gentle raymarruks to somethin' loike this chune: 'This is the beatenist place oi ever sthru'k' he says. 'Phwat's the matter wid youze payple in this little burrug anny-way? Oi ain't seen such a gang av dirty, low-down, ongodly, whiskey-soaked, bull necked, foul-mouthed, hog jowled, weasel eyed, peanut brained, rat hole bums sence oi was visitin' the jail across the river,' he says. 'Why the Lord don't strike youze dead' he says 'an' fertilize the fields wid yer carcasses to raise cabbiges that'll do some gude in the worruld, oi don't know' he says. 'Why' he says 'The only things a man can see whin he comes inter this here sinkhole of iniquity ar-re a big coal breaker whare little boys chew coal dust an' terbaccer all day, an' a God-defyin',



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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man-destroyin', divil supportin' brooery whare they make the crime brewing swill min guzzle an' waller in all noight. Sodom an' Gomorra ain't got nothin' on youze,' he says.

"'Yer churruches are a rayfrigerator instid av an incubator' he says. 'An' youze ministers must be a bunch av ossified, petrified, dyed-in-the-wool, stamped-on-the-cork, blown-in-the-bottle, p i n headed, standpat, free lunch, pie counter politicians wid heads full av sawdust an' bulk oysters. If oi was as near zero as some av youze are oi'd go down to the river an' stand on the bridge, grab holt av me nose an' say "Here goes nothin'," an 'then oi'd see how big a dent oi cud make in the water.'

"Phwat does he do it fur," asks Flanigan. "Who's he mad at?"

"Phwat fur, mad at, Flanigan?" replies Hogan, getting somewhat warmed up to his subject. "Mad at, man? He's mad at the divil an' aal his worruks. He seems to think the auld feller ain't got no right

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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### HIS ADVICE TO IDLERS.

*"Oi'd go down to the bridge . . . grab holt  
av me nose, an' say 'Here goes nothin' an' see  
how big a dent oi cud make in the wather."*

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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in the worruld, annyway, an' he's goin' to thry to put him out av the game. He's agin him wid every tooth, nail, piece av skin, hair follicle, muscular molecule, articulation joint, dhrop av blood, ounce av energy, breath av lung, an' even wid his vermiforrum appendix.

" 'The churruch is sick' he says. 'Some av our churruches ain't got loife aynuff to spit over their chins an' youze preachers are just pastin' on a little salve an' thryin' to hellup thim to enjoy poor health.'

" 'But have a hearrut, Billy' the preachers beg. 'Go it koinder easy loike. Don't be too harrud on our payple. They ain't no worse than others.'

" 'Nothin' doin'' rayplies Billy. 'Oi ain't no pink tea sissy pourin' cologne on a cancer instid av cuttin' it out. Half av yer papyle wud go to hell if they died out av Lent. Oi use the knoife' he says. 'An' oi gits down where the blood flows, so look out ;oi ain't got to live wid these payple year in an' year out so oi can do

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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some av this surgical worruk fer youze fellers. Youze just stand by an' hold the scalpel an' forceps an' the other instruments an' don't run a knoife into my back whoile oi'm cuttin' away the rotten bone an' the decayed tissue.' "

"But don't he belayve in the churruch?" asks Flanigan.

"Shure he do, Jim, that's phwat he says. He wants the churruch to git well. If yer kid had appendicytis ye'd use a knoife instid av dopin' him wid morphine to ease the pain, wudn't yez?"

"Yes av coorse; but don't he give thim no ether or choloroform whoile he's cuttin' av thim up, Mat?" Flanigan ventures.

"Well oi suppose yez moight say he does. He gives thim some laughin' gas; but he don't let thim get so far gone they don't know nothin's happenin'. He's a comical duck, Billy is. His boomp av humor is purty well developed fer a man that takes loife so serious. He's got a smoile now that ought to make the divil

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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himself throw up his hands an' surrender widout a foight. Can't nothin' git by that smoile. He thinks God loikes a joke an' that's mebbe why he made monkeys an' some other payple.

"'Look at that big, fat lobster over thare in the middle of the room,' he says. 'Prob'ly he's wan of thim sleek, oily, mushy palaverin' hypocrites oi git afther iverywhere oi goes,' he says.

"'Why, he says, 'skinin' hypocrites is my long suit' he says. 'Oi kin take their hide off, rub in saalt an' hang the skin up on the barrun door to dry, while youze fellers are puckerin' up yer lips to spit on the whetstone to sharpen yer knife to begin.'

"'Waal, sir, befurre he gits through wid thim fellers a polecat wud smell as swate as a babe compared wid thim."

"'Am I a soldier av the Cross? youze sing' he says. 'No, youze ain't, youze jist pikers,' he says, 'Lazy, no count drivellers, sojerin on the job.' Say he lays inter thim fur fair. An' whin he gits aal his

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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HIS SPECIALTY.

*"'Skinin' hypocrites is my long suit' he says."*

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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surgical worruk done, aal the deadly cancerous growths cut out, an' the wounds aal treated an' washed an' bound up, he says 'Now come on fellers,' he says. 'Ain't it great how gude the Lorrud is? He'll take annybody that'll be honest an' turrrn from his sin an' foller his banner. Come on buys,' he says. 'Git inter the game,' he says—he used to be a ball player hisself, big league man, Flanigan.

"Well, when he says to thim to come on, Jim, they got to come. Can't help it. Man, they can't wait some noights till he gits through, to hit the trail an' take his hand, an' say 'Oi'im wid yez ole man.'

"It's phwat ye'd caal convershun by the wholesale, Flanigan. In Columbus iverybody was converted most, but Waashington Gladden. Hundhreds iviry maytin'—eighteen thousand in Columbus and sixteen thousand in Wilkez Barry.

"Listen, Jim Flanigan, did yez iver hear av a sheriff bein' suspected av bein' a Sunday School man? Well, down in Wilkez Barry the sheriff he comes right

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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out square an' jines the army av the Lorrud an' goes out an' rounds up a lot av other min to sarve the Lorrud instid of juggin' 'em. An' the mayor he sinds a letter to Billy sayin':

Dear Billy:

Ye've done us gude. Come again!  
Here's a check fer yez.

Yer honorable frind,  
The Mayor.

"That man Sunday, is phwat ye'd call a Captain av Church Industry. Sich an' organization, Flanigan. The way they do handle those crowds, man, wud excite the admirashun av the Coney Oisland Police.

"Wud yez belayve it, there was payple waitin' at half past foive the last Sunday mornin' outside the tabernacle fer to git a seat fer the meetin' that didn't begin till half past ten. An' whin foive hundhred min hit the trail fer to enlist in the army av the Lorrud, they git thim aal saved



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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an' enlisted an' sint out to see whither they mane it or not, in twinty minutes.

"Do they stay saved, Matthew?" asks Flanigan.

"Oi dunno, man, about that," is the reply. "Ye'll have to ask the saloon kapers in Youngstown an' Noo Castle an' other places whare he's been befurre, about that. I notice that whin the saloon payple hear he's comin' they don't ask to be put on the Raycepshun Committee. If min didn't stay saved, I guess yer pals in the whiskey business wudn't be much concerned about his antics.

"They say he has wan booze sarmon, an' befurre he gits through praychin' it, his collar an' necktie an' coat an' vest an' cuffs are lyin' round on the platform, he's broke a chair to payces an' has knocked the rum business over the ropes as sure as that nigger Johnson pasted Jeffries into a has ben. It takes him about two hours to spake his piece, an' ye'd think he'd taken a turkish bath befurre he gits half through, he do sweat that awful.

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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But hivins above! Flanigan, how the whiskey min do sweat nixt elicshun day. 'Whiskey payple,' Billy says, 'ain't afraid av resolutions,' he says 'but when they see some resolution, thin's whin they begin to spring their model license gag,' he says. 'Now youze fellers git out an' clane up this rotten town', he says, 'an' make it a place whar a straight young man or a pure young woman can go along an' mind their own business widout gittin' so near to hell that they smell the brimstone fumes av the divil's kitchen iviry toime they go down strate for an innocent little waalk.' "

"An' when he gits on the rampage why me sweet woife Mary cudn't bate him herself, he dooes go it that strong. A thrashin' machine wud look loike a funeral besoides him.

"He don't seem to allow there's anny middle ground fer a man to stand on. Youze are either fer God or agin' him an' he's puttin' it up to men to come out in the open an' give God a square deal. To

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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hear him talk yez wud belayve there was a hell even if Pastor Russel said the fires went out long toime ago an' didn't charge yez nothin' fer the information but threw in a movin' picshure show av Creation an' the Day av Judgment taken by the Pastor himself. An', oi guess, too, if this pious lookin' ole pastor don't think there's anny hell he'd prob'ly think there oughtter be wan fer some av the men who pay him their disrespecks in the pulpit. What they seem to think av him an his worruks wudn't be rale consoln' as a funeral sermon at his obsequies. An' Sister Mary Baker G. X. Y. Z. Eddy she dont seem to be a pertickler friend either. Seems she's ben deceivin' too many av the elect wid Science an' Health wid Key to the Holy Scriptures at three dollars a volume.

"He sits down purty harrud on manny payple oi'm afraid. Oi think he may be koinder onfair to some av thim. Perhaps it's aal rioght fer him to sit in judgment on Unitarians an' evolutionists an' higher

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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BILLY SUNDAY IN ACTION.

*"A thrashing-machine wud look loike a funeral  
besoide him."*

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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critics an' such loike, an' give thim a ticket to hell, but seems to me its too much av a job to put onto wan man to ask him to bring so manny to God an' to send so manny to perdition. Besoides it takes so much av his toime if he's goin' to know just phwat these payple raley do belayve an' how they do live."

"Suppose he shud make a mistake, Mat?" suggests Jim.

"That's so Jim, he moight now bein' human, especially if somewan had said something oncomplimentary about him. But me proivate suspicions are that the Lorrud don't do as Billy says so much in condemnin' payple as in savin' thim. But don't yez know, Jim, payple don't moind a man bein' intolerant an' extravagant an' cockshure he's roight. They loike a man to know a whole lot ayven if it ain't so.

"Sometoimes oi think he gits purty familiar wid the Lorrud. Mebbe he knows him better'n most men, but to hear

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*BILLY SUNDAY*

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Billy taalk to him yer'd think they used to be on the same baseball team tergither. Bein' used to holy water an' crossin' me-self an' aal that, it do seem koinder shockin' to hear him say loike he was taalkin' to Pop Anson, 'Well Lorrud oi've most praeched me head off today an' if yez don't git onto the job now this whole thing'll fall through!' An' then he tells the Lorrud where to go—down this aisle to that shyster lawyer that skinned a poor man outen half the money he squeezed from the coal company, an' over that wan to that booze heister that's ben makin' a hog av himself an' to that ole geeser on the front seat sportin' the red nose and the diamond shirrut stud, an' bring thim aal back home tonight to the Fayther's house."

"An' does the Lorrud do it?" Flanigan breaks in.

"That's the funny parrut av it aal, Jim. He does it. Just loike Him an' Bill was on intimate terrums an' he'd do annything the kid ast Him to."

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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"Yez don't say now, Mat Hogan. An' how d'yez figger that out?"

"Some things oi can't figger out. Oi guess oi ain't ben livin' the koind av a loife that hellups a man to understan' it. But near as oi cud dope it out he thinks that God manes phwat he says when he says he's Father an' loves his children just as much as yez loved yer little Danny."

"Stop, Mat, stop," pleads Jim Flanigan, the old wound in his heart opened up afresh by Matthew's reference to the loss of little Danny, now many years ago.

"Excuse me, Jim, oi didn't think yud moind it that much," Mat apologizes. After the couple had sat a moment or two in silence Mat continued:

"But oi was sayin' he acts just as if he was on gude terms wid the Lorrud an' wan't embarrassed when he met him. Oi think meself that he moight be a little more reverent, bein' that God is God an' Billy's only a man—so far. But probly God don't moind irreverence half so much as indifference, an' that's why Billy

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*BILLY SUNDAY*

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has such a drag wid him. He learned manny years ago to take his coat an' collar off he perspires so sthrong, but he ain't never learned to put off his shoes from his fate because he's standin' on holy ground.

"Yes he ayven sasses the divil himself, tells him he'll put him in the hospital before he gits through an' gives him the horse laugh tellin' him he's got him beat to a frazzle already. He goes Michael wan betther."

"Moike who?" Flanigan seeks information.

"Don't yez git irrivirent too, Jim. 'Tain't Moike. It's Michael—the archangel. Guess yez fergot yer Bible ain't yez? Don't yez raymimber when Michael the archangel was wrastlin' wid Satan about the body av Moses?"

"Phwat was they wrastlin' about that fer?" Flanigan wants to know.

"Oi dunno, Jim, onless it was that the devil had found out where Moses was buried an' wanted to dig his bones up an'



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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distribute thim around to different cathedrals so's payple wud make pilgramages to git healed av rheumatiz by touchin' his big toe—at wan hundhred dollars a touch. But annyway Michael he dassent cuss the ole enemy, but said to him "The Lorrud rebuke thee." But Billy ain't goin' to miss that fun fer himself so he don't leave that job undone fer fear the Lorrud shudn't do it to suit his taste."

"But don't the Bible say 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread?' " says Jim.

"Oi don't think that's in the Douay Bible, Jim, but mebbe it's in the Protestant wan. It's true anny way, an' oi wudn't wonder if Billy betther not monkey too much wid that pertickler buzz saw."

"Is he a great praycher, Mat?" Flanagan pushes his inquiry.

"Well that depends on phwat yez mane by great, Jim. Yes, oi think he is. He ain't got no voice to speak av, more'n a sick hen, an' he don't claim to be the first discoverer av truth. But he knows phwat's gude an' where to git it an' how

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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to use it, an' sometoimes how to make it better. He knows human nature loike a book, an' it's just loike he was a whole congregation rolled up into wan man. He's phwat yu'd caal a Cosmopolite, or a typical American. D'yez git me—oi can't say it just the way oi mane it?"

"Yes oi think oi git yez. Yez mane he's got somethin' av everybody to him—aal classes, ain't it? Yez mane he appeals to the high brows as well as the mutts, don't yez?"

"That's it, Jim. He can taalk to a boonch av college buys or society swells or a gang av gutter bums an' make thim aal fale how bad they are an' how much they nade God.

"He has the eloquence av sincerity, not av rhetoric alone, Jim. It looks loike he had hearrud God sayin':

'Spake the spache oi pray yez

As oi pronounce it to yez.'

An' he's afraid he won't pronounce it wid God's accent gittin' in all the pity an' love an' sympathy an' appeal an' warnin' an'

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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entreaty av the gude Fayther's heart. But he's thryin' wid aal his moight to spake two worruds so men wud hear God spakin' to thim."

"What two worruds, Mat?" Jim asks.

"Lost an' Eternity. An' to hear him taalk about the judgment an' the eternity av memory an' the awfulness av remorse an' the harvest av sin an' the chickens comin' home to roost, yud think he was a dyin' man taalkin' to dyin' men. Yes he's a great praycher, a great praycher, Jim.

"That old place has ben worrukin' at rayligion more the last month than ever before, an' it bates aal phwat can be done when payple really git onto the job, an' worruk at rayligion an not just look at it.

"Yez see, the way this aal happened was loike this. A feller was tellin' me over there. Some av the churruches got tergither an' says to thimsilves, 'Let's git busy fer God an' see phwat'll happen.'

" 'How'll we do it?' says wan.

" 'Let's git tergither firrust, and fergit

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## *BILLY SUNDAY*

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our tomfool differences an' have some meetin's,' says another.

" 'Aal right, come over to our churruch an' hold them,' pipes up someone else.

" 'Oi tell yez phwat let's do,' says a man wid a long head an' a big hearrut, 'let's build a noo churruch an' git Billy Sunday to come an' preach to us.'

" 'A noo churruch,' puts in another. 'Phwat's chewin' yez? Ain't our churruches gude enough an' ain't we got enough preachers layin' round to convert the whole county?'

" 'Shure, they're too gude,' says he. 'Let's git a buildin' we ain't afraid to use an' perhaps when we get used to worrukin' in a rale rayligion shop we can come back an' make our noice buildin's useful as well as ornamental. An' when our preachers gits a chance to worruk ter-gither an' has the payple worrukin' wid thim they will convert the county, youze watch out now an' see.'

" 'Well, the upshot av the whole thing was that they daycided to build this here

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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tabernacle an' they've ben holdin' meetin's in it now noight after noight wid tin thousand payple goin' to churruch that didn't go before. An' Baptists an' Presbyterians an' Methodists have aal ben so mixed up in a bunch that yez couldn't tell wan from the other an' they most fergot thimselves which they was. Some av thim will have to ask their pastors which they are an' why, when they git back. An' oi'm kinder sorry now that the meetin's is over that they've got to ray-mimber what they are an' go back an' be three instead av wan. An' it do seem a sin to see them go back an' not stay tergither roight along. But oi guess they've found they was so near tergither annyway that it ain't much but history and brick walls an' pinhead jealousies that kape thim apart. An' they know each other so much better now that they won't think a man is goin' to destruction if he joins some other churruch. No sir, this here champagne—campaign, oi mane—this campaign has shure put some folks wise

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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### THE BREWERS' DREAM.

*"The whiskey gang wud rather go to his funeral than to elect ten senators an' have Kansas go wet."*

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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to phwat matters an' phwat ain't no account. An' they've ben gettin' to see that the most important thing fer the churruch to do is to do the thing she was made fer. An' ministers an payple did git onto the job, too. Let me tell yez.

"Yez see, the noight oi happens in to the meetin' afther the doin's was aal over oi stayed round, same's oi seen siveral hundhred other payple doin'. Looks loike yu'd have to droive the payple home wid a shot gun or a collection some noights, they do hate to go away that bad. Well, as oi was sayin', oi hung round seein' the payple looked rayle sociable loike an' got to taalkin' wid a bunch av men. Oi thought they was just honest men loike meself so oi butts in the conversation an' may the saints praysarve us, they was a gang av ministers. When oi dischovered their breed oi says to them very humble loike, says oi, 'Excuse me, yer rivirinces, oi didn't know youze were the clergy. Oi ain't fit to mix wid youze. If yu'd only had yer collar on backside foremost oi'd

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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known youze were gude men, but how can oi tell youze was anny betther than oi am by yer looks?' says oi.

"'Fergit it' says wan 'av thim. 'We ain't no better 'n yez are ayther.' An' then aal put out their hands an' says, 'Put it roight there, friend, aare yez a Christian?' "

"At that yez cud av knocked me down wid a feather. A minister wearin' a gentlemin's collar an' usin' slang an' askin' a feller if he was a Christian. (Yes, sir, they're learned how to ask a man that now), well that got my goat. An' oi don't know just phwat oi did say, but firrust thing oi know wan av thim was tellin' me about how God loves a poor feller that can't pass a saloon widout goin' in an' makin' a swill bucket ouden himself an' how He wud hellup a guy that wants to break away, an' how if he'd make Jesus King he cud live a loife that wud be clane an' happy an' make it betther at home an' how he cud be the koind av a man God meant him to be. An' before I got away



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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that noight we'd ben down in the sawdust on our knees askin' God fer hellup an' forgiveness. It did seem kinder strange not ter be prayin' to the Virgin an' askin' her to relay the message fer us, but I guess it must have ben all roight, fer the gude God has helluped, so He must have heard, an' I ain't tasted a dhrop av anything stronger than coffee sence that noight, an' it's God's done it."

"An' that singer chap, Rodenheever, too, he's some punkins, belayve me. Talk about yer William Howard Taft an' the smoile that won't come off. Put a moustache on Mr. Sloide Trombone an' he'd git the job av bein' prisident just as quick as me friend William ever will agin. An' oi guess this here Rody cud do his little stunt tippin' the hay scales at a couple hundhred or so in his stockin' feet, too. An' to see him pump up an' down that platform an' swaller his horn an' spit it up agin an' jolly the Commercial Travelers an' the Masons and the Odd Fellers

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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MR. SLOIDE TROMBONE.

*"Put a moustache on Mr. Sloide Trombone an' he'd git the job av bein' prsident as quick as me frind William Howard Taft iver will agin."*

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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an' kape the crowd gude natured it's worruth the price av admission.

"An' yez shud hear that choir sing too, Jim. They sing 'Hold the Fort' loike all Germany an' Roosia an' England put ter-gether cudn't make thim quit. An' 'Hail Emmanuel' just loike they meant to make Him King an' 'Sail On' sames they was goin' to sail in and on foriver and iver. Then there's wan piece they sing that if it gits into their hearruts wud shure make the best clane-up week a city cud have. They call it 'Broughten the corner where youze are.' 'Tain't no spring house cleanin' stunt nor advertisement fer Ole Dutch Cleanser or Sapolio, but just a straight tip to have a cheerful hearrut an' let payple know about it so's they can fale gude when the sun ain't shinin'.

"How can he boss such a big crowd? Will they do phwat he tells them to do?"

"Jim Flanigan, ain't yez seen the crowds phwat follow the circus an' yell thimsilves dumb over a home run, an' don't yez know that a crowd av payple is

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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a bunch av idiots an' will do anything the man they loike tells thim to do whether its sing a hymn or lynch a nigger? Billy belayves in enlistin' the crowd spirit in the service av the Lorrud an' if he can give thim a push toward heaven whoile they're in a crowd that's phwat he's in the business fer an' he don't care where or how he gits thim so long as he gits thim. 'Tain't so important how they was made Christians as phwat koind av Christians they are after they are made."

"Phwat koind do they make, Mat, anny gude?"

"Lemme tell yez Jim. Over in Columbus they say some av the employers got rayligion an' raised the wages av the men widout bein' asked. Ain't that rayligion? Billy says to them 'Does yer milkman know yez are a Christian? An' yer ice man? An' cud yez get into heaven on the testimony av yer stenographer or yer dressmaker?' Thim's koind av acid tests, ain't they? An' men don't hear him talk long before they catch on that bein' a

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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Christian means they've got to live straight. Cut out the old loife an' live roight, that's phwat they have to do.

"They call this toime they've ben havin' a campaign. Sounds loike a war or a political excitement an' election, don't it? Well it is a war, so they say—a war agin sin an' the devil an' laziness an' selfishness an' booze an' everything that's wrong. It looks loike a war too. It ain't just wan battle, but a well planned out campaign of battles an' everywan wid his own little job to attend to. An' oi think that must be why they win their campaigns. The way oi figgered it out from phwat oi seen at Wilkez Barry it's loike this. It ain't the preachin' altogether, though that's gude, an' it ain't the music foine as that is. But it's the organization av the worruk that counts, just loike in anny concern that's doin' big business today. There are scores av payple at worruk around in the congregation an' hundhreds in the homes every day tryin' to git men to make a start an' hit

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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the trail. An' the whole thing is laid out in districts so that every parrut av the worruk is looked after an' the churruches themselves are on the job, not leavin' it fer the evangelis' to do alone. That's it, Jim, all the churruches workin' together just loike they was Catholics, all at worruk in a new place an' doin' new things, talkin' rayligion an' tryin' to do the worruk the church has ben built fer, not just givin' fairs an' suppers an such stunts fer to kape the doors open. Oi wonder phwat wud happen if all the churruches did set out to do the thing they was made fer. Oi'd loike to see thim try it a whoile.

"Ye see, phwat this here koind av a campaign does is to put rayligion on the front page where it is just as important as T. R. an' the River av Doubt or the latest dribble from the Thaw spout, an' it gits everybody talkin' about it an' not ashamed to own up that they have a soul an' ought to pay some attention to it. Most av us payple need to have some com-

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pany when we do things. We ain't much on the go-ahead-alone idea. We need the shove an' the push that other payple gives us an' if a thousand folks are doin' the same thing we someway feel more sure we are doin' phwat we ought to do. 'Tain't no use talkin' talkin' to most av us about we ought to do our dooty whether annywan else does theirn or not. The fact is we won't do it in some things till we have company. An' these rayvoival meetin's gets together quoite a company fer to go tergether. Oi guess most payple git more inspiration singin' 'We're marchin' to Zion' all goin' in a bunch, than singin' 'Oi'm a pilgrim,' goin along all alone.

"The way oi got it doped out, these rayvioval campaigns are loike political campaigns an' elecshun day. Afther elecshun day comes the distributin' av jobs an' redaymin' the promises av gude worruk fer the counthree, an' it's always aysier to elect than to redayme. So the praychers av Wilkez Barry have got a man's job now to kape these payple saved

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an' train thim to be some use in the worruld.

"When it comes to the praychin' part oi must say, Jim, that fer meself oi guess oi'm a little ole fashioned an' oi loike to see a man stand on his feet an' worruk his head. But if me neighbor prefers to see the preacher stand on his head an' worruk his feet oi'm willin' he shud have that satisfaction part av the toime. Some payple's understandin' is in wan end an' some payples in the other. Oi say let's try both ends an' then we won't miss annywan. Oi'll bet most payple know more about Balaam's ass than about ole Balaam himself. An' anny other feller can have the same distinction if he makes a big enough ass av himself.

"How much did yez have to pay to git inter the show, Hogan?" asks Mr. Flanigan.

"Oh it's a free blow out, Jim, if ye're lucky enough to squayze in an hour or two befurre the maytin' begins," replies Matthew.



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"The way they pay fer the doin's is by havin' ivirybody chip in what they want ter. They take up their collections in two quart tin pans, an' the sound av the money goin' in is not as inconspickuous as it might be wid a velvet loined basket. A collar button drapped in wud be aisly spotted an' the drapper aisly spotted an' collared an' butted outer the door.

"Thin the last day the payple bring their money to give to Billy Sunday hisself. Befurre that it's aal to pay fer the buildin' an' loight an' heat an' advertisin' an' sich loike, but the last day the money's aal his'n."

"How much did they give him?" inquires Mr. Flanigan.

"At Wilkez Barry they gave him twenty-three thousand dollars, Jim."

"Twenty-three thousand dollars, Crazy, ye mane twenty-three dollars," says the incredulous Flanigan "How long was he there?"

"Sivin wakes, Flanigan—three thousand dollars a wake," replies Hogan.

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"D'ye mane it was all his'n, Hogan?" persists Flanigan. "What was the graft?"

"Sure it was all his'n," says Matthew. "Av course he had to pay some av his helpers, but oi guess he had twinty thousand left all roight."

"Begorra it pays better to foight rum than to sell it, don't it? Oi guess oi'll try that game meself," says Flanigan.

"Well, aal roight, Jim, oi wish yez wud. Yez wudn't git yer twinty thousand onless yez daylivered the gudes, ole man, but ye'd git a moighty soight more livin' out'er loife if yez quit yer booze business, whither yez prayched to a crowd or picked coal in the moines.

"Ye see, whin fifteen thousand payple have been reskooed from the grip av rum an' gamblin' an' licenshusness an' aal kounds av sin, how yez goin' ter kape thim from makin' up a pretty purse fer the man that threw in the rope? D'yez think that if yer woife hadn't seen yer pay envelope fer twinty-sivin years an' yez be-

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gan bringin' it home regular, she'd be contint to give nawthin' to the man who helped ye?

"D'ye think that if yer boy was trav-elin' the pace that kills an' yer harrt was brakin' fer yer sorrer, an' Billy Sunday, or Jimmy Munday, or Sammy Choosday shud turn him roight about face, ye cud be smaal enough to say 'Here ,frind here's fifty cints fer savin' me buy, he's worth it?' I guess not Jim Flanigan. Yed fale loike sellin' the pyaner to git money enough to give what ye'd waantter.

"Av coorse, Jim, I do think mesel', as some av the min say, it's purty dangerous to give wan man so much money, ministers not bein' used to handlin' much cash. But thin, if Carooso gits fifty thousand dollars in six wakes fer singin' loike a burrud, why shud they kick over Billy Sunday gittin' harf as much fer emptyin' hell an' wakin' up the burruds in tin thousand hearts, phwat? An' they didn't kick anny when Billy gave up playin' base

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## BILLY SUNDAY

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ball an' worruked fer six hundred a year wid the Y. M. C. A.

"Don't he prayche about anything but booze, Hogan?" asks Mr. Flanigan.

"Yis indade," replies Hogan, "he prayched nearly a hundhred toimes in Wilkez Barry an' he had plenty stuff left oi guess, whin he got troo.

"Oi got some av the Wilkez Barry papers that give the rayporruts av some of his taalks.

"Oi cut out a couple av things oi thought wus purty gude an' stuck thim in my pocket."

Matthew fished around in his pocket a moment and produced a couple of crumpled newspaper clippings which he read to his friend Flanigan:

"Saul and all of his sons except David went off to war; they left David at home because he was only a kid. After awhile David's ma got worried. She wondered what had become of his brothers, because they hadn't telephoned to her or sent word. So she said to David, 'Dave, you

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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go on down there and see whether they are all right.'

"So David pikes off to where the war is, and the first morning he was there out comes this big Goliath, a big, strapping fellow about eleven feet tall, who commenced to shoot off his mouth as to what he was going to do.

" 'Who's that big stiff putting up that game of talk?' asked David of his brothers.

" 'Oh he's the whole works; he's the head cheese of the Philistines. He does that little stunt every day.'

" 'Say,' said David, 'you guys make me sick. Why don't some of you go out and soak that guy? You let him get away with that stuff?' He decided to go out and tell Goliath where to head in.

"So Saul said: 'You'd better take my armor and sword.' David put them on, but he felt like a fellow with a hand-me-down suit about four times too big for him, so he took them off and went down to the brook and picked up a half dozen

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## *BILLY SUNDAY*

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stones. He put one of them in his sling, threw it, and soaked Goliath in the cocoa between the lamps, and he went down for the count. David drew his sword and chopped off his block, and the rest of the gang skidooed."

"An' here's the other wan, about loafin' on the job av loife" continues Matthew.

"Every land flowing with milk and honey has giants in it. Breathe the air with the smoke of battle. Don't hunt an easy chair if you want to hang your mug in God's hall of fame.

"We become like that on which we feed. A man whose diet is swill will soon be at home with any hog. Phidias could never have chiseled an angel out of marble if he had a devil in his mind. Ruskin would never allow his boy to look at an indecent picture for fear it would kill the angel in his soul. And he was right.

"I think that when a tadpole sees a frog it makes him ashamed of himself and he immediately wants to become something

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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better, and soon, lo and behold, he's a frog.

"To be a man study the model I've been holding up before you for seven weeks—Jesus Christ. By veering a little he would have missed Gethsemane and Calvary, but, my God, think what that would have meant for us."

"Raley now" says Matthew when he had finished reading his clippings "Ayven if he hates yer business Jim, he wud loike ye, an' ye'd loike him, man. He shure do run the knoife in dape an' he makes the blood spurrut from min's spiritoal anatomy, so to spake, but whin he's done that an' made yez fale what an' awful, mane, nasty, squirmin', worrum yez are an' how hell is too cool a place fer sich a sinner, he jists boinds up the broken hearruts an' prayches deliverance to the captives of habit an' lust an' hatred an' sin; an' tinder an' wooin' loike, he tells the gude news that min can be saved.

"An' say, Jim, there's wan song they sing phwat they calls 'De Brewer's Big

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Hosses.' Oh my stars an garters! Phwat a diminstrashun, yez moight say, when they sing that! 'Tain't great poetry, oi'm told, an' the music ain't in the same class wid Paddyroosky's performances, but 'tis a great battle song, Jim, an' it stirs up the payple more than 'Raymember the Maine' or 'Fergit it' ever did. When they sings that song, wid Rodenheaver leadin' off loike the angel Gabriel tootin' fer the last battle agin' ole Satan, an' ten thousand men gits on foire fer the temperance croosade yez can almost hear John B. Gough turrin over in his grave an' shout 'Go to it, boys'; an' yez can almost see the brewery walls a-crumblin' and a-fallin' down an' the whole miserable business buried ten fathoms deep feriver an' iver, Amen."

"Aw, cut it out, Mat," protests Jim. "Phwat ails yez annyway, ye're batty, lad."

"That's where ye're wrong agin' Jim. Yez know that if oi cud cut out rum ye'd never see another pay envelope av moine



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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in this place; an' if yez cud do anny thing else that paid yez as well as this, ye'd get out whoile the gettin' out is. gude, fer yer ole shop wont be worruth a tinker's cuss purty soon."

Jim knew better than to quarrel with Matthew over this matter, for the latter's better nature frequently asserted itself in their conversations and seemed about to gain the victory; but as yet Mat's reformations had not permanently affected the volume of trade at Flanigan's bar. In spite of his wretched business Flanigan had some higher aspirations yet in his heart and between himself and Hogan there was a secret sympathy as between comrades who had been taken prisoners by a common foe.

"Oh, he ain't much of a thayologian, Billy Sunday ain't. His thayological intake got stopped up manny years ago, an' he's about as logical as a daycapitated rooster. But, man aloive, do ye think min are saaved by logic? What if he does caal some gude min higher critic

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## *BILLY SUNDAY*

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squirrut guns, it don't hurrut thim an' it ralayves his feelin's. He ain't to home in the broad fields of logic an' thayology, but he's a giniral whin it comes to stormin' the castle of a man's will an' makin' him surrender an' loine up wid God.

"Oh oi suppose Billy ain't phwat ye'd call an angel yet a whoile, Jim. Perhaps that's why so manny payple loike him. But judgin' a man by the enemies he makes as well as by the company he kapes oi think he must be all roight. An' oi'm votin' fer him to come to Noo Yorruk. He wudn't fit in as prisident av Princeton College, that's a cinch, but he cud stop more dead game sporruts from gettin' called out at the home plate when they make their foinal sloide than a dozen doctors av philosophy iver will. The whiskey bunch wud rather go to his funeral than to elect ten men to the Senate or see Kansas go wet. An' when men can say that about me, Jim Flanigan, oi'm goin' to order me ascension robes and git ready to skidoo."



## **THE LADIES' AID**



## THE LADIES' AID

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*Mary Hogan shows how some churches  
pay their way and why some  
men will get to heaven*

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### CHAPTER III

"Wudn't yez loike to go to the show tonight, Mary?" is the cheerful greeting of Matthew Hogan as he comes home from his long day at the Iron Works.

"Phwat show d'yez mane, Mat, the movin' pickshure wan down on the square?" responds Mary. "Shure oi'll go." She would have gone anywhere if by so doing she could keep Matthew contented and away from his cronies at Flanigan's Place.

"No, it's down to the little Presbyterian churruch near the foundhry. Oi bought the tickets from Bill Atkins' little girrul—him that worruks along wid me on the rivet jobs. They're thryin' to raise money to put in a gymnasium an'

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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raydin' room an' game room fer the buys an' girruls to kape thim off the strates an' out av the dance halls an' saloons. The Ladies' Aid is givin' this show. Oi don't know phwat The Ladies' Aid is, but oi spose it's somethin' loike the Women's Relafe Corpse, ain't it?" asks Mat.

"The Ladies' Aid is it?" replies Mary. "Oh oi know somethin' about that. That's where oi wuz a wake ago washin' dishes at the supper. You git out from behind that dirrut on yer face now, an' sit down to this grub an' oi'll tell yez."

After Matthew had washed his face and hands and had sat down to the substantial meal Mary never failed to have ready, he says "Aal roight, now Ginerol Hogan, heave ahead. Thim porruk chops wud give me strength to listen to Teddy Rosenfelt taalk about the virtooes av his frin' Taft fer an hour. Guess oi can stan' yer sagatiashun a little whoile if yez don't go too sthrong."

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## THE LADIES' AID

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### READY FOR BUSINESS.

*"Aal roight now, Giniral Hogan, heave ahead. Thim porruk chops wud give me strength to listen to Teddy Rosenfelt taalk about the virtooes av his frin' Taft fer an hour."*



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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Mary was used to Matthew's "compliments" and so paid no attention to his remark, but proceeded on her exposition of the Ladies' Aid.

"The Ladies' Aid, Matthew," she begins "is a society that iviry loive, modern, up to date, harrud up, debt-ridden churruch has to have, or go out av biz. Oi mane Protestant churruch, Mat. Yez see whin us Catholics nade money the praste jist tells us whin to bring it in, an' we don't sass back, we jist shell out. But thim indipindint Protestant churruches, their ministers can't put the screws on thim. The praste he can tell us where we'll go if we don't pay up, but thim Protestants now, they stan' roight up an' tell the minister where he can go if he thries to boss thim. So yez see they gits behind in their finances."

"Look here how d'yez know so much about it, Mary Hogan" asks Mat, anxious to know by what authority she was speaking.

"How do oi know? Didn't thim wimin

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## *THE LADIES' AID*

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at the churruch supper taalk about it so plain anny fool cud have understood? Oi think yez cud have caught on yersel' if yez'd ben there," she adds with a mischievous squint of her eye.

Matthew was answered and silenced.

"Oi'im it" he says "g'wan."

"Whin it comes round to the end av the year the thrusteers av the churruch they gits tergither to see how much shorrut they are on the minister's salary."

"Who's the thrusteers, are they the Ladies?" asks Mat.

"No" is the answer "they are the min the ladies aid, don't yez see? They own the churruch, or think they do, an' have to look out fer the money. They gits tergither some noight a whoile after Christmas an' 'go over the situashun,' as they say, an' they foind that they owe the pastor two hundhred dollars."

"Come off there, Mary Hogan, they wudn't let his pay git so far behind, that wud be croolty to animals, an' phwat wud

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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he do fer Christmas an' his childer an aal?" puts in Mat.

"Phwat do the thrustees care? An' they wudn't have so much ter spind fer Christmas thimselves perhaps if they shud pay up their dooes" replies Mary.

"Well, land aloive, Mary Hogan, how cud a minister kape his bills paid up at the grocry an' shoe store an' aal if he didn't git his money?" Matthew pushes his inquiry.

"He cudn't" answers Mary. "That's phwat the wimin wus sayin' at the churruch the other noight in the kitchen, that the pastor didn't pay his bills. Wan av the wimin had a little more spunk than the others an' she spakes up an' says 'Phwat fer air youze ladies thryin' to make out our pastor is dishonest? Youze ought to be ashamed av yerselves. Didn't the thrustees foind that they owed him two hundhred an' sivin dollars an' forruty cints an' him only gittin' eight hundhred dollars a year? Av coorse he'd have to owe the grocer or somebody, or else starve

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*THE LADIES' AID*

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his family an' himself. If there's anny dishonesty' she says 'it's the churruch is dishonest. Oi'd loike to take thim thrustees out to the whippin' post an' tell thim that the lashes they got wuz aisy along soid av the stings the minister must fale to be onable to kape his finances in gude shape. If thim thrustees ain't got aynuff backbone to git a fund in hand they can draw on so the pastor can have his salary iviry wake, whether the money comes in in the collections or not, they ought to be stood up soide av a chocolate eclair fer a prop,' she says. 'If anny wan owes money' says she 'it ought to be the churruch, not the minister. But if they'd only have a raysarve fund in the bank, needn't annywan owe money.' Say that woman had some sense, Mat. Whin they git woman suffrage oi bet she'll be a thrustee."

"But don't the minister tell thim he nades the money an' it's doo to him?" asks Mat.

"He moight as well raysign if he did, oi

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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guess, from phwat they said. They'd caal him mercenary an' always lookin' afther the money."

"Well, that bates me" comments Mat.

"It bates ole Satan himself, so this woman said. 'The divil he pays more prompt than we do' she says. But we're gettin' off."

"As oi was sayin' the thrustees gits together on a Monday ayvenin' an' bout nine o'clock the treasurer shows up. Says he's ben thryin' to figger up his books, but hadn't had toime till that noight an' he cudn't make out shure, but they owed the pastor about two hundred, the coal dealers sivinty-foive, janitor forruty, the organ player twinty-foive, an' other bills about tin dollars.

"'Oi didn't think it wus so much'" says the chairman.

"'Nor oi' echoes another member av the Board.

"'Looks as if we'd have to close the churruch' says number three."

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## THE LADIES' AID

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"'Oi fale quoite discouraged' adds mushy number four.

"'We'll have to morgage the churruch' suggests wan member whose woife cud loan some money at six per cent.

"'Oi'm afraid we'll have to raydooce the pastor's salary' ventures another who ain't ben to church fer a year, because he's ben up the miff tree.

"'Afther they pities thimsilves fer a whoile an 'fergits to pity the pastor, they agrees that they'll have to think it over an' see phwat can be did.

"'Nixt wake they have another maytin' an' afther a lot av foolish taalkin' about the pastor ought to collect his own 'wages' they daycides that nixt Sunday they'll see how much they can raise.

"'Nixt Sunday marnin' come sarmon toime, whin the poor weary souls that have had a harrud toime the last wake an' come to git comfort an' refreshin' an' somethin' to feed on the nixt wake are anxious to hear about the gude Lorrud's

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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care fer his childer, an' how they may have peace whin ivirythin' looks darruk, out comes a black-boarrud on the platforrum an' wan av thim lazy, gude-fer-nawthin' thrustees that's ben layin' down on their jobs, gits up an' plays the aucshuneer an' buffoon. Bymby he gits things agoin' an' Ole Skinflint Budlong he allows he'll give foive dollars, he 'do love the churruch so much.' Ivirybody claps, but the knowin' wans kinder scowl, fer they raymimber that he ain't paid annything wake by wake loike manny av the rist, an' cause they know that he'll git it back by skinnin' thim on the weight av the nixt year's coal.

"Afther him Widder Haal gives a dollar. Nobody claps—excipit the angels an' most payple don't hear thim. But iviry wan knows that the dollar costs her more than Ole Skinflint's foive dollars, an' she' ben givin' ten cents a Sunday roight along.

"Whin things gits a little dull the bluffer up at the blackboarrud, he tells a joke,

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## *THE LADIES' AID*

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thin a story that oughter ben foomigated firrust, thin tells how they uster have a pastor that give thim a raycate fer the whole amount whin they'd raised half they owed him. An' afther he's embarassed an' humiliated the poor pastor an' cheated the hungry souls out av their spiritual food, he's succeeded in raisin' wan hundhred dollars, an' he ain't give a cent himself—took his aal out in tellin' other payple phwat they oughter do.

"Thin the president av the Ladies' Aid she gits up an' says, says she 'The Ladies' Aid will pay the rest.'

"An' then phwat do they do? Suppers an' food sales an' fairs an' land knows phwat.

"Yez oughter seen the suppers they serve fer fifteen cints, Mat Hogan. 'Twud surprise yez. They shure do know how to give yez more'n yer money's worth, Craymed pertaters, cold roast porruk an' bafe, salad, pickles, jellies, rolls, celery, olives, consarves, hot beans, sandwiges, scolloped termaters, cup cakes,



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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froid cakes, fifty-sivin koinds av cookies an' anny koind av pie yez want, wid coffee an' cheese an' some fruit. The way they make their money—oi hearrud some av the wimin complainin' 'twas lots av worruk wid no gude cook stove an' no kitchen to worruk in—is this way. The ladies bring in about twinty-foive dollars worruth av food, thin a dozen av thim worruks half a day gittin' ready an' two or three worruks aal nixt day cleanin' up, an' they sell their food plus their worruk fer fifteen dollars."

"Oi don' see's that's makin' money" says Mat.

"Well, 'tain't makin' money, but it's gittin' it aal right. They're great financiers thim ladies are. Yez see they don't pay for the food, that's donated by the wimin. The stingy ole men won't give thim a half a dollar fer the churruch so they snakes a noo pie an' a pan of beans on him an' thin make him come down to the churruch an' pay to eat his own beans an' pie, see? An' he thinks he's very

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## *THE LADIES' AID*

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virchuous, an' hellupin' the churruch whin he's jist feedin' his belly, an' the wimin aal the toime laughin' in their sleeves to think how they're worrukin' him an' he don't know it.

"An' whin the churruch wants a noo carrupet, the Ladies' Aid buys it an' the men—if they can foind wan round—brings it over from the freight house.

"An' whin the churruch gits so shabby that it looks loike a barrun, the Ladies' Aid, they paint it an' fix it up, an' the min stan' roun' wid their hands in their pockets, an' grunt.

"An' when the hymn books gits so shabby yez can't tell whether ye're singin' outen a tiliphone book or a wastebasket the Ladies' Aid gits up a soap order and a dozen bake sales an' an experience social an' buys the books.

"An' when the young payple begin to go over to the other churruch because they've got a poipe organ the Ladies' Aid they gits tergither an' cackles loike a Philo chicken farrum an' an Eyetalian

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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picnic put tergither. An' when they gits through their deliberations—if annything loike that can be called deliberatin'—they've got a noo slogan 'Blow fer a poipe organ' an' the payple don't hear nothin' else fer a year but poipe organ. Yes in-dade yez wud think the Lorrud had fallen down on the job an' nobody cud be saved now-a-days widout a poipe organ. Oi tell yez when the ladies have a poipe dream yez want to look out. Firrust thing yez know Mrs. Prisident comes to the Board av Thursthees an' says to thim:

“ ‘Now how much are youze men goin' to do toward the organ?’

“ ‘Yis, yis' answers the chairman scared out av his boots, ‘We'll consider what the men can do at our next meetin'.’

“ ‘When the next meetin' can't be put off anny longer the men git tergither, an' their meetin' is more loike a graveyarrud than a picnic. Foinally afther they have scraped up aal the excuse why they can't do much, a broight idee sthroikes wan av the men. An' when the meetin's over the

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## *THE LADIES' AID*

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clerruk has raycorded this motion: 'It was voted to instruct the clerk to write Mr. Andrew Cargenie an' see how much he wud give towards a noo organ.' When he wroites back that he'll give half the men blow loike they was the whole organ thimsilves instead av just the bellows. An' they don't tell Carnegie who's raisin' the other half, but Andy's Scotch, yez know, an' oi wudn't resk anny money on a 'bet that he cudn't guess about how many oyster stews an' aprons an' Christmas thingamabobs an' post carruds an' ice creams an' chocolate creams an' aal day suckers an' backaches an' hearrutaches had gone into that organ—an' aal female wans too.

"Oh Mat Hogan, oi larned quoite a lesson about the Ladies' Aid the ayvenin' oi wus up there. If oi wus a minister an' had to choose betwane havin' a Boarrud av Thrusthees an' a Ladies' Aid oi'd say quick as a wink 'Ladies Firrust' aalways. Thrustees are only a board annyway an' sticks ain't much use, but the ladies aid an'

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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that's phwat we nade. If the ladies didn't aid oi'm afraid manny ministers wud be out av a job.

"An' oi'll bet yez Mat Hogan, that if yer little Presbyterian pastor frind gits his gymnasium an' aal it'll be because the ladies aid.

"An' oi do belayve, boy, that whin some men gits to heavin they'll foind they got there because av the ladies' aid, ayther at home or at the churruch."

"Thin they're runnin' a koind av angel factory arre they, Mary, that the idee? asks Mat.

"Well, kinder, that is they're thryin' to hellup make payple betther. Av coorse they ain't angels themselves, don't make anny mistake there. They're jist regular humans thryin' to do aal the gude they can. An' whin they can't give money they gives their toime an' muscle an' thought an' pies an' cake an' things. Mebbe tain't verry gude business but oi guess it's gude rayligion. An' that's more important.

"But still they're quoite a few moiles from bein' angels yet" continues Mary,

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## THE LADIES' AID

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"judgin' by the things oi overheard at the supper. They have their little differences av opinion an' such things as baylong to poor sinners. Wan av thim asked where Mrs. Parruks was an' half a dozen rayplied that she had a grouch on because she was asked to hellup serve the supper whin she thought she orter run the candy table. An' Miss Cotter, she wouldn't play no more because she wasn't elected prisident. An' Mrs. Dustin' she was hurrut because they didn't want her Alice ter spake 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' at the Christmas concert. Ah, yes, they're still wingless, Matthew. So oi wudn't be surprised if they naded a Men's Aid too. Wimin niver cud git to heaven alone, nor min ayther. That must be why God made us both."

"Phwat toime now do the intertainment begin, Mat?"

"Eight o'clock oi think' 'replies Mat.

"Thin we must git ready me buy. An' say, can yez git inter yer collar an' necktie widout a ladies' aid?"

"Shure. Hurry up now," answers Mat.



## THE WALLS OF JERICHO

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*Matthew reports the great Pilgrimage to  
Washington to urge Congress to sub-  
mit a Constitutional Amendment  
for nation-wide prohibition  
of the liquor traffic*

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### CHAPTER IV

#### THE WALLS OF JERICHO

Washington, D. C.

December 10, 1913.

Mary Hogan:

Grape jooce is king! No more mint  
jooleps at the Whoite House! A Saloon-  
less nashun! Prohybishun by 1920!

Phwat d'yez think av thim sintimints,  
now? Yez think oi'm bughouse? No,  
Ye'll have to guess agin.

Oi'm jist rayportin' Washin'ton items  
fer the Hogan Daily News. An' there's  
ben great doin's here to-day. Let me tell  
yez phwat.



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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Whin oi wint down Pennsylvania Avenue this mornin' oi seen a soight ain't niver ben seen in this counthre before.

Whin oi come along by the Raleigh Hotel—yez know where that is, down by the White House—oi seen a bunch av min comin' out av the soide door an' formin' a perceshun. Oi thought perhaps 'twas a stroike bein' caaled so oi stopped to see the fun an' read the signs they wud carry: "Down wid the scabs." "We want more pay." "We ain't slaves," an' so forruth.

But instid av that, what did me eyes behold! Wan big sign at the head end "Committee of Wan Thousand Anti-Saloon League."

"Huh, says oi, is that aal? Gang av water wagon chumps. Nawthin' doin'." An oi starruted to go on. But a feller that stood soide av me didn't agree wid me abservashuns, so he speaks up—

"Nawthin' doin' eh?" he says. "Nawthin' doin'? Yez wait an' see, man. Belayve me," says he, "there'll be somethin'

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## WALLS OF JERICO

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### MARCHING ON THE CAPITOL.

*"Don't yez know," says he, "that this is only  
the front rank av the arrumy?"*

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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doin' the next foive years an' this day will make history fer our nashun. Don't yez know" says he, "that this is only the front rank av the arrumy?"

"The phwat?" oi says. "The arrumy? Thim ain't no soljers, not ayven tin wans. Where's their guns and gold lace an' the band an' the drum major an' the purty girruls makin' goo-goo eyes at thim?"

"Oi don't mane that koind av soljer" he says. "This is an arrumy that's goin' to do a bigger job than the Boys in Blue done in sixty-three. It's an arrumy that's goin' to carry on a war in this counthree that won't stop till every rum shop in this land has ben drove into the bottomless pit an' millions av payple have ben freed from the slavery av this horrible curse. If yez don't think they mane business just step over an' have a talk wid wan av thim" he says. "They are goin' to make this a saloonless nashun by 1920."

"The Lord help us," says oi. "If they only cud do it there'd be some show fer a feller loike me. But yez shure don't

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## WALLS OF JERICO

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mane there's goin' to be no saloons in nineteen hundred an' twinty."

"Oi shure do mane jist that" he says. "Jist watch this perceshun" says he.

By this toime there was quite a long loine av min. There wan't no band nor shoutin' nor foire worruks nor no noise, just steady waalkin' along av the min. They kept passin' out av the hotel fer a long toime till it seemed as if the head av the loine was at the Capitol whin the tail left the hotel. Oi swear oi hadn't ben dhrinkin', but ayther oi saw double or there was two thousand min in the Committee of Wan Thousand.

"An' where do these aal come from?" oi asks me noo frind. "Are they aal from Washington?"

"No indade" he replies to me "They are here from aal over the counthree from Maine to Californy, mostly business min —'Tain't a gang av cranks an' long-haired fanatics," he says "but solid business min, come here fer to petishun Congress."

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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"To do phwat?" oi asks.

"To petishun Congress," he says. "They're goin' up to the Capitol an' gather on the front steps paceable an' quiet loike an' ask the House an' Senate to submit an amindmint to the Consti-tooshun fer the states to ratify sayin' there shan't be anny more liquor made or sold in this counthree.

"An' do yez think Congress will do it?" oi asks. "Ain't yez rather optimistic about the dhry sintimints av that boonch av statesmen?"

"Oh it ain't fer Congress to say whether there shall be national prohibishun or not" he answers. "Though some av thim wud loike to. Aal they are asked to do is to give the chance to the states to say whether it shall be so."

"An' oi suppose yez think that the Noo Yorruk Legislature is such a hoigh moinded timperince society that they will take the lead in votin' fer no whiskey gettin' their hint from the well known dhry

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## WALLS OF JERICO

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attitude av Murphy, Barnes and Company" oi suggests.

"No, we're not quoite so simple as that" he answers. "But there's where we are goin' to put wan over on the booze hysters. Yez see when yez amend the Constitution the vote av Arizony counts fer as much as Illinois or Pennsylvania, an' when thirty-six states have said 'No more rum fer Uncle Sam' out it goes bag an' baggage an' Noo Yorruk an' Pennsylvania an' SinSinNatty an' St. Louis an' Noo Orleans can wave their arrums an' tear their hair an' claw the air an' froth at the mouth from morn till noon an' noon till dewy eve, but it won't do no gude.

"Av coorse" he says, "it will take some toime to git Congress to submit the amindmint, but it's goin' to be done ayven if some av the gintlemin now misrepresentin' their states have to remain to home to attend to proivate business an' noo wans come down here to take their place an' do their dooty.

"When they git up to the hill" he says,

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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says he, "the W. C. T. U. is goin' to jine thim, an' be in the parruty."

"Phwat's the W. T. phwat yez caal it?" oi asks.

"The W. C. T. U." he answers me. "Oi think it means 'We Can Trash U' to the rummies, but it raley stands fer the Women's Christian Timperance Union. They are the ladies phwat wears the little white ribbon everywhere they goes. If yez don't know wan av thim ye've got somethin' comin' to yez. They are the women that can pray fer forruty years an' not git their answer an' die thankin' God because the answer's comin' sometime when the tears and hearrutaches an' the blood av mothers an' little children will be avenged an' the curse will be done away feriver.

"They've ben worrukin' day an' noight an' Sundays fer manny years taychin' timperance, makin' the schools taych how whiskey pickles yer insoides an' gives yer brains the rickets; they've ben helpin' the famlies av dhrunkards, worrukin' in the

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## WALLS OF JERICO

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prisons, thryin' to save the dhrinkers themselves, spreadin' roun' literachoor an' so forruth an' so on."

"Don't ye see," says he "they've ben makin' sentimint aal these years? So's the Prohybishun Parruty, ayven if they haven't done much electin', an' so have a lot av other societies.

"An' phwat's this here Anti Saloon League, that's got the banner an's headin' these doin's?" oi inquires.

"The Anti-Saloon League" he says. My hivins how the brewers hats that gang!—they've ben at worruk fer twinty years helpin' elect timperance Raypublicans an' Dimicrats an' Prohybishuns an' Progressives, helpin' pass timperance laaws an' elect gude min to enforce thim, educatin' the payple up to the pint where there wud be aynuff public sintimint to forruce the demand fer nashun woide prohybishun, an' Milwaukee wud be as dhry as Topeka.

"An' now the toime's come" says he "whin aal this plowin' an' sowin' an' hoe-



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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in' an' bachachin' an' hot, sweaty discouragin' worruk wid iverybody caalin' yez a crank an' a fool is goin' to bear a harvest. Fer to-day there are forruty-sivin millions av Americans livin' in states where there is ayther state-woide prohybishun or county or some other koind av prohybishun, an' two-thirds av the area av the nashun is dhry.

"D'yez know" says he "that over twenty-wan thousand saloons wint out av business last year—wan iviry twenty-foive minutes?"

"Yez don't say" oi adds. "That's almost a continuous performance ain't it?"

"Yes, sir, it is" says he "a continuous performance an' that's phwat it's goin' to be till the chief performer is as dead as Nero an' has gone to kape him company an' till the stocks an' bonds av a brewery will be worruth just the price av ole paper at Cohen's junk shop.

"Begorra," he says "we got the rummies on the run. Whin they gits ter-gither over in Pittsburgh the brewers

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## WALLS OF JERICO

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looks wan aonther in the face an' says 'Vell it's only a question av toime.' They know they're licked if we don't git to fightin' wid ourselves.

"But to-day, me frind" he says "Marruks a noo era; fer W. C. T. U. an' Prohybishun Parruty an' Anti-Saloons an' aal fergit their diffrences an' git ter-gither fer the war. An' say frind, marruk me worrud, we're goin' to win" he says. "We may lose a battle here an' there; Hobson may git licked in Alabamy, an' Californy may daycide to be beautiful, booziful Californy, but the war is goin' on an' on an' on till yez can't foind a saloon this soide av hell.

"An' look here" he goes on. "This here Woman's suffrage idee now—that's goin' to win out fore long an' don't yez see how that's goin' to hellup wipe out the saloon? The brewers know about it an' so they are spendin' anny amount av money to defeat Votes fer Women. But they can't stop it" he says. "'Tis wrote in hivin."

"Yis, sor," says he "An' ain't all the

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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railroads an' big shops givin' the dhrink-in' man the go by? An' aal these worrukmen's compensashun laaws, don't yez see, they're goin' to make it harruder fer the dhrinker to git a job or hold the wan he's got? He's got to sober up because min ain't goin' to hire whiskey soaks to run machines that moight cut thim in two or pound their dayloights out if the min git rattled wid rum an' don't be careful, an' thim hafter pay their widders an' childers thousans av dollars fer damages."

"You be quite an enthoosiaist me frind," oi says, "about this matther."

"Enthoosiaist?" says he "Why shudn't oi be? Wudn't yez be, too, if the divil had planted a dozen saloons in yer warrud an' a score av gilded hotel bars in yer town an' had snatched yer only buy away from yer arrums an' had broken the mother's hearrut an—"

Me frind cudn't go on whin he got so far. He bit his lip an' turruned away a minute an' blew his nose, quoitte harrud. Oi looked up the Avenoo an' that per-

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## WALLS OF JERICH0

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ceshun, it looked to me loike a great, big, silent flood av wather a risin', slow an' awful loike, to drownd out the saloon; an' oi says to meself as oi looked at wan or two barrooms roight clost by: "Old saloons, yer doomed. They've got yer goat. Thim quiet min in that gang have got the bull dog in their jaw, oi seen it. An' some av thim have suffered much. God pity thim!"

An' Mary Hogan oi hope they'll git the rum out beforre Tommy gits too old. Mebbe oi'll niver git over me appetite, but oi'd awful hate to have rum git Tommy.

Me frind turnd back afther a whoile an' he says to me:

"Thim min arre goin' up to the Capitol an' stand there a whoile in the cold, an' pray, an' praysent their rayquest to Congressman Hobson an' Senator Sheppard, an' then they're goin' to go away quiet an' orderly an' ter-morrer they'll aal go home afther they have a few mat-in's av wan koind an' another. It's loike

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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the Joos marchin' round the Waals av Jericho" he says. "No fightin', nor shootin', but jist steady marchin', head up, teeth set, eyes agleam, lips firrum, jist prayin' an' belayvin' an' bein' there on the job. An' the waals will faal down belayve me. Thim politishuns will see a loight an' the waals av opposishun will crumble away an' the amendment will be submitted to the states. An' whin it is, thin look out; thim min can foight, an' there'll be foightin' a plenty, don't yez fergit. An' we're goin' to win, man. God wills it!"

He looked me straight in the eye, an' oi looked at him, an' there shure was the gleam av victory in his eye; an' oi belayve he's roight, Mary Hogan. Pray God he is.

Yer partner,  
Mat Hogan.

## CHAPTER V

### MATTHEW MEETS A CANDIDATE

Mat Hogan had just returned from a job up state and after a protracted absence from Flanigan's Saloon was making a longer visit with his old crony than usual. During a lull in trade—a strange thing, for it was a warm summer afternoon—Hogan asks Flanigan: "Jim, who d'yez suppose oi run acrost up state this toime on the thrain? Oi bet yez cudn't guess."

"No, oi guess oi cudn't, Mat, who was it now, William Jinnings Bryan or Mr. Hobson?" answers Flanigan. "Or mebbe 'twas Mrs. Pankhurrust, eh?"

"Aw go on, boy, ye're tryin' to jolly me. No, 'twas me Baptis' frind oi've told yez about. Wud yez belayve that, now, Jim?"

"Yis oi wud belayve it" snaps Flanigan. "An' oi suppose he filled yez up agin' wid a leckshure about timperance an' how oi ought to stop sellin' whiskey an' go to worruk."

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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"Now don't git excited, man," soothes Mat. "He is purty sore on rum that's a fact, an' probly yez wud be too if yez troied to heal aal the sores made by the rum yez sold. But oi won't bother yez wid that to-day, Flanigan. Me frind had jest ben out candidatin'."

"Candidatin?" says Flanigan. "Oi thought the Baptis' didn't belayve in politics."

"Flanigan" replies Hogan "Yer head is as thick as the leaders av the old Ray-pooblican Parruty whin they nominated a dead wan so's to spite Teddy Rosenfelt. Can't oi larn ye nothin'? Ain't oi told yez that the Baptis' belayve in makin' politics rayligious but in kaypin' churruch an state sipirate? They belayve iviry wan shud be free to worship God or himself, whichever he thinks is bigger,—an' that the churruch shudn't run the governmint nor the prisidint appint the praychers. They belayve in doirect primaries, Flanigan, no perlitical bosses in the churruch."

"Hogan" says Flanigan "Ain't yez ben

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takin' a glass too manny this afthernoon? Youse gittin' badly mixed about doirict proimaries and rayligious politics an' political rayligion, an' aal this ither stuff. Now who appints the praychers anny-way?"

"Why, the churruches do thimsilves, that's where the candidatin' comes in" answers Mat. "Now don't soide-track me anny more an' oi'll tell yez about it."

"Yez see" he continues. "Iviry Baptis' churruch is a Noo England town maytin'. Iviry mimber's got wan vote an' whin they nade a pastor they git together an' vote fer the man they want an' the majority rooles."

"An' did yez say they don't have no politics in their elictions, Mat?" asks Flanigan.

"Well oi dunno about that, Flanigan. Ecclaysiastical politics maybe. They'd be claner than regular politics, wudn't they?" answers Matthew.

"Maybe they wud" replies Flanigan doubtfully. "But oi shud think from



what oi've seen av politics in Arcady Place that they wudn't help. "But how do they foind out who to vote fer?"

"That's jist where yer doirict proimaries come in, Flanigan" explains Matthew. "Me frind was tellin' me about it. He says 'It's loike this' he says. 'The churruch at Bingville loses its pastor an' the pastor at Medusy Corners larns av the fact. Now the Medusy man wud loike to become pastor at Bingville fer gude an' sufficient raysons, wan av thim bein' that his foive hundhred dollar salary ain't condoocive to a calm an' sayrene spirit wid six mouths to fade an' a docthor's bill to pay. But instid of puttin' in an application loike a sinsible, straightforward man who is lookin' fer a job as manager av a factory or superintindint av' Schools, he pokes up wan av his friends to write to the Bingville churruch committee sayin' that he has heard they was widout an undershepherd an' if they was quick an' smarrut about it he thinks maybe they moight possibly

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be able to loosen his frind, the pastor at Medusy Corruners, from offen his job, an' he advises thim to wroite him to praych fer thim. An' whim he gits through writin' his frind's obituary the Bingville payple says to thimselves they says. 'Here's an angel shure. Let's see wud he consider our churruch.' So they wroites to him wonderrin' if they can git him to come over, an' he aal the toime trimblin' in his boots fer fear they won't ask him.' "

"Oi shud caal that indoirect proimaries" puts in Flanigan.

"That's what oi told me frind" replies Matthew. "An' he says. 'It do squint a leetle in that direckshun' says he. 'But yez know our payple loike to kape up the fiction about a man niver saykin' a place himsilf, so they kape on playin' this game an' thryin' to make thimsilves belayve that the man himsilf don't know nothin' about what's goin' on.' "

"Well, ain't it aal roight fer a frind to riccomind wan av his pals fer the place,

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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Mat? How else wud they do it if they ain't got no bishops. Man, oi don't see how they git along widout a bishop anny-way," adds the puzzled Flanigan.

"Yez don't eh, Jim Flanigan, in this dimocratic counthree av ours? Thin oi guess the Baptis' an' some av the ither secks have got aynough av a job to taych us how to be rale dimicrats. That's what me frind says, says he 'Us fellers wid the town maytin' guvinmint have got a man's job on hand' he says 'to make rayligion an' sassiety trooly dimicratic in this counthree.'"

"What's chooin' yez Hogan?" breaks in Flanigan. "Ain't oi voted fer Bryan aal av me loife wid wan break whin a feller was nominated by David Bennett Hill? Oi fergot his name, but it don't mather."

"Oi ain't taalkin' about the Dimicratic Parruty, Flanigan, oi'm taalkin' about a guvinmint whare iviry man is free an' equal—if he is. But oi think yer a little obfuscated yersel, Jim. Yez must have

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took an exthry swig av that noo berrel yez just punckshured. Fergit it now an' let me tell yez about me frind who was candidatin'.

"An say Jim, oi think oi'd bettther have wan more glass av ale befure oi go on, oi do fale that thirrusty an' warrum" adds Matthew.

Jim handed out the order in a glass used among the poorer classes for cheap beer—a "Schooner" so called; whether so named from its large size or because it helps a men to get "half seas over" is for the authorities to decide.

"Oi didn't want to take a bath, Jim, oi only wanted to wet me whistle" says Mat as he receives the glass.

"Oh, that's aal roight, Mat" replies Jim. "That's on me, Oi ain't chockin' that down to yer account." Jim knew when to be liberal and how to make his generosity count in the interests of trade.

"Now to procade to go on" says Mat Hogan as he smacked his lips, transferred the froth from his mouth to his sleeve and

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settled back in one of the "regular's" chairs. Av coorse oi can't tell yez jist the worruds me frind used fer he is a verry foine taalker, bit oi can tell yez the juice av his raymarruks.

"Me frind said he'd jist ben over to Pattonville a candidatin'."

"An' did yez have a gude toime?" oi says to him.

"Well, oi can't exactly say that, frind,' says he 'Candidatin' ain't jist calculated to provide intertainment—at laste fer the candidate—but a man kinder gits hardened to it same's he does bein' in jail. An' oi don't know's there's much choice whoile it lasts,—though oi ain't niver ben in jail,' he says. 'But whin yez git used to it, it ain't so bad. Only throuble is that it takes yez most av yer loife to git used to it. Thin yez up an' doie same's the chickens whin they got used to eatin' sawdust instid av corrund.'"

"Well did yez git the job at Pattonville?" oi asks.

"We don't caal it a job, frind, but a

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Caal' " he says. " 'It's only the payple that worruks that gits jobs,' " says he.

"Well, don't ministers worruk?" says oi. "Shure that minister av the little Presbyterian churruch down by the Foundry worruks aal roight. Ain't oi seen him huntin' haalf the noight till he found Bill Shipman in Hooligan's Saloon, thin git him home an' sit up wid him iviry noight fer a wake whoile he had the snakes? An' don't oi know that he saved Bill Sikes from hell an' dam-nashun an' made his home happy, an' don't oi know what the min say down to the foundry, about him as cheers thim up whin they're out av a job an' thries to help thim git wan, an' visits their sick an' burries their dead an' thries to kape their boys from goin' fast an' their girruls from bein' bad an' him worrukin' his head off to git a place fer the young payple to mate that ain't a dance haal or a saloon. An' who was it lost tin pounds av flesh an' looked loike a skeleton whin Walter Thomas broke his mother's

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heart runnin' away wid Tom Ford's woife? Oh oi don't moind worruk, misther, but oi ain't askin' to change jobs wid youze fellers." oi says. "It ain't no fun worrukin' twelve hours ivery day in a hot foundry, but oi don't have to take the foundry to bed wid me an' oi guess oi ain't kickin' anny. You was jist thryin' to jolly me, wan't yez, now?"

" 'Well oi was havin' me little joke' he says. 'But most payple think praychers don't worruk' says he. 'They think that if a man uses his head, he ain't worrukin;' though whin some av thim thry to use their heads they foind it rather toirin' exoroise. An' they think that whin a minister attends a funeral he jist has to put on his gude clothes an' have a roide in a hack. But let thim thry to comfort the wider who's ben left wid foive childer an' two hundhred dollars insoorance, an' see wud they fale loike playin' football afther they'd done it.' "

" 'But oi didn't answer yer question' he says. 'Did oi git the job at Patton-

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ville? Oi don't know,' says he. 'Oi rather hope not. There are some things we larn to be thankful that we missed. Oi think this wud be wan. But if they shud caal me oi moight fale as if oi ought to go?'"

"Why?" oi asks.

"'Well parrutly because oi don't want to go perhaps' he says.

"That's a queer raison" oi says.

"Where'd yez larn that?"

"'Well, it ain't jist a rayson, frind,' he says. 'But sometoimes we don't want to go to a place an' the payple wants us bad, we are more loikely to think it may be the Lorrud's will instid av yer own.'"

"'Tain't so aisy to foind out the Lorrud's will as it is a biship's' he says. 'Now,' says he 'Oi'll tell yez about me visit to Pattonville if yez want to hear it.'

"Shure" says oi. "Oi'd loike to firrust rate."

"'The churruch asked me to come



over an' be a candidate fer their pulpit' he says. 'An' oi wrote thim oi'd be there fer yisterday. So oi travelled from six o'clock Saturday mornin' till most supper toime gittin' there. Oi found oi was to be intertained by Deacon Sibley's widder, an' oi hadn't ben there long befur oi found out why. She's wan av thim blessed female souls that William J. Burns ought to git track av an' invoice into his detective forruce.

“ ‘She knew oi was so toired out from travellin' that oi cudn't raysist her daylightful conversation—“or inquisishun, he called it.” ‘So as soon as oi had said grace at the supper table she began on where oi was borrun, how old oi was, who my woife used to be, where she came from, how old she was, was she my firrust, how many childer we had, what was their names, was they well behaved kids, was my woife sthrong an' healthy, did she teach Sunday School, cud she sing, an' play the organ, an' wud she take the lead in gittin' up suppers, was

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she economical, how much salary was oi gittin', did oi hellup wid the washin', was oi a suffraygette, did oi belayve in the Second Comin' an' didn't oi think the Baste in Revelashuns a wonderfool animile, did oi belayve in that blessed docthrine av fallin' from grace, did oi think a ministher that wint to base baal games cud go to hivin, when was oi called into the ministhry an' how did oi know it, did oi rade me sarmons, how often did we have meat at our house, cud me woife make her own clothes, was she a gude cook, did oi have anny money in the baank, did oi charruge annything fer marryin' payple, what was me views on dyvoorce, what did oi think was Paul's thorrun in the flesh, was it a sin to go to the theayter, did oi belayve in dancin', was it roight fer churruches to have fairs an' soshuls, didn't oi think we ought to trust the Lorrud more an' not have anny regular salary, did oi ever have a churruch quarrel, when was oi sick last an' why, did oi allow me childer to play caards,

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was oi insured an fer how mooch, did oi ivir smoke, what toime did oi git up marnin's, didn't oi belayve in praychin the simple gospel, was oi a soshalist, cud oi make a gude after dinner spayche, was oi a Higher Critic, did we kape hens, cud oi make a gude garruden, was there ever anny consumpshun in me fambly, was me mother livin', did oi make shorrut prayers, did oi belavve in long pastorates, did oi praych missions an' how often, who was Melchizedeck an' what was the unpardonable sin?

"Come eleven o'clock an' oi'd told iverything oi knew and some things oi jist guessed at, an' oi was jist wonderin' whin she was goin' to git the stomic pump out an' see what oi had fer dinner (though oi cud hev told her it was only a hamless sandwige an' a cup av coffee), whin she spakes up rale brisk loike:

" 'Now perhaps you'd loike to go to bed,' she says. 'Of course oi know it ain't much av a task fer yez to praych—it always seems so perfectly aisy fer

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ministers to taalk—but yer'll want some rist, oi'm shure.'

"'Yes,' oi gasped. 'I wudn't moind. An' yez must nade a rist yerself. She didn't suspect me sarcasm, oi guess, fer she says bright an' cheerful, 'Oh, no, oi don't moind. Oi've intertained aal the candidates we've had, you make the fifth. We have wan more next Sunday, thin we vote on thim aal.'

"Oi guess oi'll go to bed," says oi.

"Well, nixt marnin' fer breakfast, we had some oatmeal an' toast an' coffee an' fresh tongue an' roasted candidates."

"Roasted what?" oi asks.

"'Roasted candidates,' he says. 'Oi had accurate and detailed descriphun av aal the candidates that had ben at that churruch fer the laast tin years at laste, an' they had averaged wan pastor iviry two years, an' six candidates every toime they changed pastors.'

"'Did yez iver know Mr. Slowman?' she asks me firrust shot, he says. 'He candidated here tin years ago. A lovely

man, so spiritual an' gude, an' always had had such foine worruk in his churru-ches, but he didn't taalk up so quick an' loud as the noo man at the White Church.'

"'Did you intertain him the noight befure?' oi asks. Oi didn't know but she'd throw a cup at me fer me sassiness, but she didn't see me pint at aal.

"'Oh, yes, indade,' she answered.

"'Oi thoight so,' says oi.

"'Oi've intertained thim aal. An' there ain't anny av thim ben caaled that oi didn't approve av thim,' she added.

"'Oi don't doubt it, oi says, 'Fer oi was seekin her disapproval now, an' prayin' the gude Lorrud not to let me git a caal there. Yer must be quoite an expert by this toime in pickin' out ministers. Oi wanted to add, an' pickin' thim to pieces, but oi thried to act loike a gintlemun ayven if oi didn't fale loike wan.

"'Oi flatter myself that I don't git fooled very often, Mr. Smith,' she replied. 'There is Mr. Jones, now, from Potter-

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town. He was here last Sunday. He thried to kape me from foindin' out that his woife is a great gossip. But I was on to him. Whin a man won't taalk much about his woife oi know there's somethin' the matther, an' oi can put two an' two togither as well as the next wan. Why shud he want to lave Pottertown if he's only ben there three years, an' him such a noice man. It must be his woife.'

" 'Oi cud hardly kape from strikin' the old busybody in the face,' said me frind. 'Oi don't know what raystrained me but the grace av Gawd.'

" 'Mrs. Sibley,' oi says in a tone that showed a little how oi felt. 'Yez do a great injustice to a gude woman, however unintenshunal. Oi know Mr. Jones an' if oi hed known he had been a candidate here oi niver wud have consinted to come. Of coorse he didn't say much about Mrs. Jones. She doied jist two months ago an' his heart is so sore an' lonely he can't bear to stay in Pottertown anny longer. Gossip indade! Oi know

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where minister's woives cud take a full coorse in the art.'

" 'An' wud yez belayve it, he says, she didn't git mad. She must have the hide av a rhinoceros not to fale the digs oi'd give her.'

" 'Oh dear, now, is that so?' she says, sympathetic an' teary loike. 'Ain't that too bad? Do tell me more about Mr. Jones, oi thought he was a lovely praycher.' "

" 'An' belayve me now' says me frind. "Oi'll bet yez they'll caal Mr. Jones an' she'll figger to set her cap to git him. An' they'll wondher why he declines the caal. But oi'll put him wise to the game this wake aal roight, trust me.

" But oi didn't tell her annything more about Jones jist thin, though oi boosted him to the skies later in the day. Afther a whoile she says:

" 'Yes, we've had aal koinds av candidates, Mr. Smith. Some av thim were so taal an' lanky that we jist cudn't think av havin' thim, fer we'd have to

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raise the pulpit desk so's they wudn't look loike a flag pole on the Bible, an' that costs money. An' then it does hurrut yer neck so to look up at a taal praycher in our pulpit. An' there wus Mr. Stubbins, oi wondher why the Lorrud ivir caaled such a shorrut man inter the ministry fer.' ”

“Perhaps fer the same rayson he called Zaccheus to foller Him” oi says, realizin' what an advantage beef has over brains in the pulpit.

“‘Yes, but a man ought to have day-cent length legs to be a praycher’ ” she replies.

“That's so” oi says, “if he's goin' to praych wid his legs. But if he ain't, oi'd put the emphasis on the length av his head if his legs was long aynuff to reach the floor when he stood up.”

“‘But we had wan man who was such a taalker, Mr. Smith. Oi cudn't git a worrur in edgeways.’ ”

“Oi longed to see that man,” said me frind, “an' congratulate him. Oi cud see



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why he didn't git a caal aisy aynuff.' "

" 'An' roight afther him we had a man so close yez cudn't git his lips apart wid a can opener.' "

"Oi longed to see him too" said me frind, "an' take some lessons."

" 'D'yer know Mr. Griscom? Now oi think he'd av got a caal only his pants wan't pressed gude an' we must have a man who is careful about his clothes, yer know.' "

"How was his praychin'?" oi asked.

" 'Oh, supurb. Such gran' sermons. We did fale so bad to think we cudn't have him.' "

"Perhaps he spent more toime kaypin' his soul in shape than pressin' his pants" oi ventured.

" 'Yes, but men must be careful, especially whin iviry wan's lookin' at his trousers. An' their neckties, too. Now Mr. Barton, he had on a tie wid a figger in it,—the idee. Men must niver wear annything but plain ties in the sacred desk.' "

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"Why, are polka dots irreligious?" oi asks. "Perhaps they make yer eyes want to dance, is that it?"

"'No, only they shudn't wear annything but plain black or white or wance in a very great whoile gray,'" she says. Remembering that oi had a faintly figgered blue tie in my grip up stairs oi determined to put it on afther breakfast.

"An' what about hair?" oi asked gittin' interested in this phase of the subject, fer oi had abandoned aal desire to be a candidate there.

"'Men shud be very careful about their hair' she replied. 'If it gits faalin' down on their forehead it distracts the attinshun av the congregashun. Oi niver can enjoy a minister's prayer if oi see his hair gittin' onrooly'" she says.

"Why not thry closin' yer eyes durin' prayer?" oi suggests.

"'Oh oi'd be wonderin' aal the toime an' peekin' through me fingers to see' she says.

"Then yer'd betther not," oi says,

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"cause it ain't noice to play peek-a-boo in churruch on Sunday."

" 'An' the man that we want must have a gude voice, too,' she adds. 'A gude, heavy, mellow, soothin' musical voice that'll make yer fale gude aal over. An' he mustn't be lame, nayther. There was Mr. Chisholm, he'd have got the caal only he is lame.' "

"Where," oi asked "in his head or his heart?"

" 'In his legs, av coorse' " she replied. " 'He was in a runaway accident at a funeral wance an' wears a stiff knee ivir sence.' "

"Funny the Lorrud ain't got sense aynuff to take a stiffkneed praycher out an' put him to flaggin' railroad crossin', ain't it? Specially when he gits hurrut tryin' to hellup somebody," oi says.

"Perhaps He loikes stiff kneed praychers betther 'n stiff necked churruches, though," says oi.

" 'Then iviry candidate of ours has to caal on Joshua Borden, he's our largest

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giver. He aalways tells the same joke, wan that Enoch told Methuselah when he was a little boy, an' if the minister laughs rale hearty, he'll vote fer him, shure pop. But if he don't say it's the best story he iver heard, there's nothin' doin' there. An' Deacon Bradley, yez must caal on him. If yez don't vote Prohybishun parruty iviry toime, he ain't got no use fer yer. An' Sister Emery, yez must caal on her too. She's way up on Daniel an' Zekiel an' the Dispensashuns. Yez must be sound on thim, or it's no go wid her. Thin yez must see gude ole Aunt Hannah, she's an expert on sanctificashun.' "

"Theory or practice?" oi asks.

" 'Theory av coorse. Yez must git the theory gude an' sthrong firrst or how can yez git the practice roight?' " she says.

"Oi dunno, onless the same way yez git yer food digisted gude befure yez larn the theory av it" oi replies.

" 'We had wan awful smarrut man here the other Sunday, but yez know he

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used to be pastor at Summertown, a little village only tin moiles from here, when he firrust started in praychin' twinty years ago, an' that wud niver do yez know.' "

"Why not?" oi asks. "Is it a sin fer a man to grow. Wud yez have him serve wan soize churruch aal his loife?"

"'No, but it wudn't do, don't yez see it wudn't?'" she replied wid an air of finality. Oi didn't see, but oi didn't say so.

"'An' we won't stan' fer sermons more'n twinty-foive minutes long, nohow. An' we won't have an Englishmen, ayther.'"

"Why not?" oi asks, fer oi'm English meself.

"'Cause we had wan wance twinty years ago an' we won't have another.'"

"So aal coons look aloike to youze, do they?" oi asks.

"'An' he must be a gude man wid the young payple, too," she continued, ignorin' my question. "'We cudn't

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think av a man here who was over forruty years old.' ”

“That’s so” says oi. “Oi’ve been thinkin’ fer some toime av advocatin’ that aal faythers an’ mothers shud be electhrocuted whin they git to be forruty years owld cause they don’t attrract the childer anny more.”

“‘Why, Mr. Smith, how terrible’ ” she exclaims. “‘Yez know they grow more an’ more attrractive an’ helpful to the childer the older they grow. How can yez say such a thing?’ ”

“But if parents are more attrractive to young payple whin they know more an’ can hellup them more, why shudn’t praychers be too?” oi asks.

“‘That’s so,” she says somewhat shaken oi thought. “Why not?’ ”

“An’ Brother Jones is forruty-eight” oi says diplomatic loike.

“What koind av a parsonage have yez got?” oi inquires.

“‘It’s a very gude wan” she answers. “Quite large, but we bought it chape an’

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thought we moight as well git our money's worruth. It nades raypairin' badly, the roof leaks, an' there's wather in the cellar a gude dale, an' it nades paperin' an' paintin', an' we're goin' to have a bathroom an' a furnace some day. The committee aalways promises the noo pastor annything he asks fer. But oi ain't seen the improvements made yet.' "

"That's generous in the committee to promise at laste," oi says.

" 'Well, Mr. Smith, oi guess we've had quoite a conversashun this Sabbath mornin' ain't we," she finally says. "It's been rale enjoyable, oi'm shure.' "

"It ain't been very religious though oi fear" says oi. "Oi fale as if oi had been aythin' candidates fer breakfast."

" 'Why we haven't had anny dates, Mr. Smith" says Mrs. Sibley. "But oi do love candied dates an' oi'll thry to have some fer dinner if ye'd loike some.' "

"Oi near busted out laughin' in her face, but oi saw the dear woman had no idee what oi meant, but raley wanted to give me a treat."

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"Aal roight, thank yez," says oi. "Only yez naydn't bother to roast thim," oi added goin' up stairs to git ready fer churruch.

"Afther churruch oi met the pulpit committee.

"We loike yer sarmon varry gude" says the chairman. "What cud we hire ye fer?"

"Oi ain't hirin' out" says oi.

"What," says the chairman. "We thought ye was a candidate."

"Maybe oi was" says oi. "But if youze want to hire me youze must pay what oi'm worth. But if a churruch wants to caal me as pastor an' work to-guther wid me fer the Kingdom an' provide my supporrut so oi can give me whole toime to the worruk, oi'm ready to taalk wid thim if they're ready to do what they're able to do. But oi ain't goin' to be the hired man av no churruch or committee" says oi.

"Well sor, the committee was game. They saw oi wasn't toadyin' to thim."



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“ ‘Yer roight, sor,” says the chairman. “Oi guess yer worruth foive thousan’ dollars, but we can’t pay that, so oi guess we can’t taalk about hirin: What d’yer say about a caal?’ ”

“Brethren” oi says. “Oi’m sorry oi came, cause oi don’t loike this competin’ wid me brother pastors. Oi think youze ought to have had jist wan man at a toime an’ then daycide whether yer’d loike him or not. But sence yer’ve got foive on hand already oi want youze to drop me name an’ caal Brother Jones who was here last Sunday. He’s the best man oi know av fer youze.”

“We taalked a whoile longer verry noice an’ pleasant togheter. Oi told thim a few things about what they ought to expect av their pastors an’ what they ought not to ask fer. Oi told thim there was only a few perfect men in the worruld an’ they were probably aal on the pulpit committee; that there wan’t a flawless minister in the worruld, but there was lots av gude men thryin’ their best

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## ON CANDIDATING

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simply to lade the churruches to do betther worruk."

"Oi told thim that a minister moight be a rale Christian an' not know so much about Ezekiel ten as Firrust Corinthians Thirteen; that he moight fergit to shoine his shoes some Sunday; that they mustn't think they cud git a pastor who cud do aal the worruk av the churruch, but that he wus to thry to lade thim an' they aal worruk tergither; that they must be boosters an' not knockers. Thin oi asked them to aal git down an' pray. The way some av thim got onto their knees oi suspicioned they had rheumatism or that they didn't have family prayers every mornin' an Sunday at their house. Oi guess twas the furrust toime they'd prayed about that matther annyway."

"Oi suppose they pay purty gude wages at Pottertown, don't they?" oi asks him at last.

"Not wages Mr. Hogan," he says, wid a twinkle in his eye. "But salary—salary's the worrud. They'd be scandal-

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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ized to hear it called wages. They pay siven hundhred dollars."

"Bout two fifty a day, ain't it?" says oi, "We git forruty-foive cints an hour in the union. You'd orter be a waalkin' delegate, sor" oi says. "Oi thought they must be payin' two or three thousan' dollars they was so pertickler about their man an' had so manny on the sthring."

"No, oi'd rather praych" he tells me. "We ain't gittin' rich, that's thrue, but oi got to do it, Mr. Hogan. We gits some purty harrud bumps from the churruches, but then we got to take the bitter wid the swate an' endoor harrudness as gude sojers av Jesus Christ" he says.

"Well, we parruted in gude spirit an' had a foine maythin' in the ayvenin'. They paid me tin dollars, widout askin' how much my expenses was. But as it cost me eight dollars fer fare an' foive dollars fer some wan to praych fer me, oi guess oi won't go back again as a candidate."

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## ON CANDIDATING

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"Well, Mat Hogan" says Jim Flanagan, "It's lucky yez took that wetter before yez begun yer story. Yer whistle must be awful dhry by this toime. Have another glass?"

"No, Jim, oi guess not" answers Mat. "Whin oi git thinkin' about that man Smith oi don't seem to want to dhrink anny more. Guess oi'll go long an' see if Mary Hogan's got back, yet."

As Mat walked toward 5 Arcady Place with head down, in thoughtful mood, he murmured half aloud "It do bate aal what infloence a gude man do have over yez now. An' me frind told me that Jesus Christ cud kape me from dhrinkin' an' straight an' clean if oi'd think av Him an' let Him. Oi guess oi'll ask Fayther Ryan what about it."



## CHAPTER VI

### MARY HOGAN ON FOREIGN MISSIONS

"Mat Hogan do yez know annything about foreign missions?" asks Mary Hogan as she and her man sit down to their breakfast of ham, storage eggs, fried potatoes and steaming coffee one cold December morning.

"Huh?" says Matthew after a moment's silence. "Yez spaykin' Mary?"

Matthew was not yet fully awake and there was a reason why he was not quite sure whether he was dreaming or not.

"Was oi spakin', eh? No, oi was whistlin'" sarcastically replies Mary. "How d'yez loike me chune?"

"Excuse me Mary" Mat sheepishly capitulates. "Oi was falin' a little home-sick over goin' away on that job up state fer two weeks, an' oi didn't jist hear what yez said."

Mary, mollified by Mat's half-true confession, abandons her banter. "Oi'm

sorry yez got to go off agin', Mat. It's lonesome widout yez. But oi was sayin' d'yez know annything about foreign missions?"

Matthew was now fully awake. "Do oi know annything about foreign missions, Mary Hogan? What yez think oi am, wan av the ignorant masses that don't know who is the Prisident an' when the constitooshun was borrun an' who is bass av Warrud Twinty-wan an' phwat foreign missions is fer? But oi tell yez what, ole lady, whin oi go into politics oi'll have it understood there's no foreign missions fer mine. No sir, Mr. O'Shannessy can go down to Mexico an' not know whether he's goin' to wake up in Mexico or Purgatory (if there's anny difference) if he waants to, but me patriotism runs to home missions loike bein' postmaster or gittin' contracts or somethin' fat an' aisey. Foreign missions, indade, an' did yez see what wan av thim Hoosier bookwriters told Woodenrow Wilson whin the prisident wanted him to go

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## FOREIGN MISSIONS

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to Porphugaal an' ríprisint yer Uncle Sam by writin' some more av his fifty cint stories? Well, he sends back a nate little note saying

Dear Woodenrow:

Oi'd loike to go to Porphugaal at govmint expinse verry much, an' oi think oi cud larn to taalk fer an' hour widout sayin' annything, loike a diplomat has to do, but oi'm afraid that ain't the place fer me tender childer to grow up, so oi think oi'll stay here in Indianny till yez want to appint a pote laureate.

Yours thruly,

Nick.

Now what yez know about that, Mary? No place fer childer to grow up, Porphugaal ain't. Oi wonder did he iver see a Porphugee family. But oi know what he was drivin' at. He was afraid they'd blow up instid av grow up. Didn't thim long-haired, bushy whiskered Revolushonaries sind King Manooel akitin' out av the counthree? An' ain't the



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anarkists always tryin' to git the King av Spain? Oi'll tell yez phwat Mary"—

"O'll tell youze phwat, yez chatterin' ijiot" breaks in Mary. "Oi ain't taalkin' politics. No danger av youze gettin' sint to Roosia or Oireland or Venzooela yit awhoile. Now warrum up yer poipes wid that coffee an' oi'll tell yez about it."

"Yez noticed oi wasn't home to supper last noight, didn't yez?"

"No, oi don't raymember" answers Mat.

It was a fatal mistake for Mat to admit he hadn't noticed Mary's absence, but he realized it too late.

"Mat Hogan!" says Mary, in one of those grieved, solemn tones he feared more than he feared the devil himself. "Mat Hogan! Youze ben lofin' at that Flanigan's bum-factory agin? Yez waant him to make a aal wool, yarrud woide, thorobred bum out av yez, don't yez?"

"No, Mary" pleads Matthew, "Oi don't honest, an' oi only bought wan beer

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## FOREIGN MISSIONS

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last noight. Oi stopped a little whoile to say gude-buy befure oi wint up staate.”

“Yis, yez only bought wan dhrink. An’ if yez niver buy wan yer’ll niver git two into yez. An’ how manny did the other buys buy fer yez, Mat Hogan?”

He couldn’t fool Mary. She knew from the tone of his voice whether he had come straight home from the Bridge Works or had stopped at Jim Flanigan’s on the way. But Mat was going away for a fortnight and Mary couldn’t let him go with the memory of a scolding instead of a cheerful word. So without further accusations or rebukes she turned to the subject that had occupied her thought since the previous forenoon.

“Well, Mattie, me buy, do thry an’ kape away from the rum shops whoile yer away, won’t yez?” (Though the Lord knows how hard it is for a man staying in a cheap boarding house in a strange city to resist the companionship and cheer—false and deceptive though it be—of the corner saloon where most of

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his friends are spending their evenings).

"Yez see oi was worrukin' fer Mrs. Redfield yistherday. She wanted me aal day an' the ayvenin' cause she was intertainin' the Missionary Club av her churruch.

"Afther oi got the parlor an' settin' room an' dinen' room aal swept an' dusted, oi says to the Mrs. says oi. 'Where are the tables?' oi says."

"'Phwat tables Mary?' she asks me. 'We won't set the table till most supper toime.'"

"Oh oi mane the little tables," says oi, rale innocent loike, "Fer the carruds."

"'My land Mary—this ain't a whist club' she says. 'This is a Missionary club. We don't nade no tables.'"

"Yez don't say, says oi. Yez mane to tell me that a gang av wimin can git tergither an' have a gude toime for an afthernoon widout playin' carruds?"

"'Why shure, she says. 'Phwat made yez think they cudn't?'"

"Because oi ain't niver seen thim do

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it yit—that is the ladies phwat don't have nawthin' to do but git away wid the ole man's money befure he dhrops it in Waal Strate," says oi.

"'You'll see thim have a gude toime widout carruds this afthernoon aal roight, Mary,'" she says.

"An' phwat is missions annyway" oi says to Mrs. Redfield. "Tain't a suffragette maytin' is it?" Oi was gettin' a leetle anxious, fer oi cudn't think how the wimin cud have a gude toime onless they were ayther playin' carruds or cussin' their husban's fer the awful loives av slavery they had to lade.

"'No, no.'" she laughs. "'Don't be scared Mary. It's aal about sindin' the gospel to the haythen from Granelan's oicy Mountin to Indi's Coral Stran'.'" "

"An' how do they sind it" says oi. "Do the parcel post take it, same's iverything else?"

"Oi thought the Missus wud split her soides at me ignorance. Butwhin she come through the convulsion intack, she says:

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“Ain’t yez niver heard av the missionaries, Mary? Them men an’ wimen that lave their noice homes in this lan’ av the free an’ go iverywhere to tell min about God an’ His love an’ the blessed Saviour?”

“No, says oi. Oi ain’t niver heard Fayther Ryan say nawthin’ about thim.”

“‘Ain’t he niver told yez annything about Fayther Damien, that noble praste that wint out to the lepers, an’ caught the disayse tellin’ thim about the Saviour?’” she asked me.

“Niver a worrud” says oi. “Now did he raley do that? That’s more wondherfool than if he had healed thim av the leprosy, ain’t it?”

“‘Yes,’ she answers me. ‘It is, Mary,’ she says. An’ yez know Jesus said we’d do greater miracles than healin’ leprosy.’”

“An’ thin she goes on an’ tells me the longest tale av missionary worruk an’ aal about the counthrees—Burma an’ Assam an’ Chiny an’ Japan an’ Africy—land alive, Mat Hogan, this missionary business is a liberal educashun, oi guess.

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“Now oi know Annie Sterns was a poor girrul befure she married Jim Redfield, an’ Mrs. Sawtelle is a college graduate. But whin oi goes to Mrs. Sawtelle’s she ain’t got nawthin’ to taalk about but the barrugins at Macy’s or did yez see that in the paper about the murdher over in Jersey, or we’re goin’ to get a noo auto. Now what do oi care about the barrugins—oi ain’t got the carfare down town; an’ what is the deestrect attorney paid fer,—oi ain’t got to chase the dhrunken brute that murdered his gude woife over in Jersey—an’ it don’t matther to me if they do git a noo auto, if they don’t have to turrrn me off so’s to buy gasoline.

“But Mrs. Redfield, why she can taalk loike a book about what’s ben goin’ on in the worruld the last hundhred years. Oi bet yez Mrs. Sawtelle don’t know who the prisident av the United States is, an’ Mrs. Redfield can tell yez who the prisident av the Chineese Raypublic is.”

“That’s where yer off yer trolley,

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Mary Hogan" corrects Mat. "Chiny ain't no raypublic, it's an impire. Didn't yez niver hear av the Dowager Impress?"

"Mat Hogan, youze betther confine yer attinshun to home missions. Yez know more about thim than yez do about foreign wans. Oi heard that Prisident Wilson was wantin' to sind yez to Chiny" says Mary in banter, "But oi guess he'll change his moind whin he foinds yez didn't know they've had a revolushun over there an' made a raypublic."

"Whin did that happen now?" inquires Mat Hogan, in open-eyed amazement.

"Oh, wan dark noight a few months ago, the imperor an' aal his gang av Manchoos wint to bed as usual an' nixt marnin' whin they woke up their heads was cut off."

"Come out av it, Mary Hogan" says Mat. "Gimme it straight now."

"Oi mane their offishul heads was cut off, Mat. The imperor crawls out av bed about tin o'clock an' ates his roice

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flakes wid his long tooth picks an' starruts out fer a waalk in the garruden. In comes a little pigtail flunkey wid a little roll av paper. 'Marnin' Mr. Imperor' he says. 'Here's a little paper fer yez to sign. Put yer name roight there says he. 'It's yer resignashun'—abduckshun oi think they caal it whin a Rooler gits cold fate."

"Yez mane abdicashun, Mary" says Mat. "Don't show yer ignorance so plain."

"Aal roight. Thin yez abdicate yer buttin' in an' oi'll show up yer ignorance, Mr. Woiseman."

"Did the imperor soign his resignashun, Mary?"

"That's jist what oi'm goin' to tell yez, if ye'll gimme toime.

"'Flunkey', says he, 'oi shan't do it.'

"'Yes, yer will, Wun Lung,' he says. 'Yer see thim cannons over there an' aal thim soljers? Thim's the revolushunaries, he says 'an' they've got yer goat ole man,' he says. 'Now Dochter Sun Yat Sen



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says if yer'll be gude an' soign this little raycate an' raytire to the woods they'll pay yez a million dollars a year to salve yer wounded faylins an' supporrut yer dayparted dignity. But if yez don't do it, they'll make a porous plaster out av yez an' let the vulchures do the rest.' "

" 'Where's me pen?' asks Wun Lung. 'Oi think farmin' is betther fer me health. Oi'd rayther be a loive farmer than a dead imperor anny day.' "

"An' didn't they have anny fightin' at aal Mary? The ole buck must have ben aisy mate fer to faal down that suddint."

"Oh yes they'd had some fightin' befure that an' the revolushunaries had capshured everything in soight. Yez see the payple was aal ready jist waitin' fer the whistle to blow. An' whin it did toot iverybody was on the job."

"How long did the fightin' last, Mary? Oi didn't see nawthin' about it in the paapers."

"It only lasted a few wakes. The paapers, they told yez about the proize

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foight in Navada an' the dayvoorce av  
thim rich fools from Chicagy an' the  
dinner Mrs. Lollypop gave in honor av  
her pet monkey, an' aal that sorrut av  
stuff. They'd think the birruth av  
triplets in Idyho was more important  
than the birruth av a new Chineese nashun.

"But Mrs. Redfield, she says that the  
revolushun raley began a hundhred years  
ago whin wan Robert Morrison wint over  
there as a missionary. Iver since then  
missionaries have ben goin' over till now  
there's thousands in aal parruts av the  
counthre."

"Oi don't think we orter do that,  
Mary. Taint fair."

"Do phwat, Mat?"

"Sind misshynaries over to stir up warr.  
Taint our business."

"Oh they didn't stir up the war, Mat  
Hogan. Yer see twas loike this: Mrs.  
Redfield told me. The missionaries goes  
over there an begins praychin' an tay-  
chin' the childer and settin' up hospitals  
an' afther a whoile there's schools an'

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hospitals an' churruches scattered aal over the counthree, an' afther fifty or a hundhred years av that sorrut av worruk it begins to dawn on the haythen pig-tail that he ain't gettin' a square dale an' that bein' a man an' not a parrut av the scenery he guesses he'll have some roights baysides bein' bossed round loike cattle. An' that's phwat happens all over the worruld. Same thing in Turkey, an' Persia an' Indy an' Roosia. 'The Gospel is loike a stick av dynamite' Mrs. Redfield says, 'an' when it gets jarred by a government that can cut yer head off widout provin' that youze are it, somethin's got to bust. An' that's why the revolushun is.' "

"But oi think taint none av our business, Mary Hogan, lave the Chinees alone wid his shirrut outside his pants an' the African wid his shirrut an' his pants aal rolled together in the middle, an' lave thim be happy an' contented same's they's aalways ben. If they're satisfied why shudn't we be?"

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“Mat Hogan, yez taalk loike a fool, same’s oi did to Mrs. Redfield. Oi said same thing as yez did an’ she lit into me gude. ‘If they’re satisfied Mary Hogan’ she says, ‘Wud yez be satisfied if when yez was sick yez didn’t have no dochter, or some old witch come long an’ made yez dhrink snake soup an’ eat dried lizards? Wud yez be satisfied if yez had sore eyes an’ they thried to cure thim by runnin’ a red-hot needle into the eye baal? Wud yez be satisfied if yez had to taake yer firrust borrun baby an’ throw him into the red-hot arrums av a great iron idol? Wud yez be satisfied to have a loive snake runnin’ round yer house an’ bitin’ yer childer an’ youze afraid to kill it fer fear ye’d kill yer grandmother’s ghost? Wud yez be satisfied if yez worruked harrud aal the year an’ had most av yer crops taaken fer taxes to run a rotten dispotism? Wud yez be satisfied to go into the jungles av Africy an’ gather rubber an’ have yer hand chopped off if yez didn’t git aynuff? Wud yez be satisfied

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to be burried aloive wid Mat Hogan whin he died, jist because yer was his woife? Wud yez be satisfied to hear yer little girruls moan all noight an' suffer fer years wid their little feet aal bound up so's they wudn't grow big aynuff ter waalk on? Wid yez be satisfied to be married an' left a widder at ten years av age an' have to spend the rest av yer loife as a slave an' a prisoner?"

"Wud yez be satisfied, Mat Hogan, if whin yez died yez expected to be borrun again as a frog or a hippypotymus an' afther a few million years yez moight get borruned-reincarnated they caal it—ay-nuff toimes to come out a rale jackass an' no imitashun—"

"Oi ain't no imitashun jackass, Mary Hogan" breaks in Matthew.

"Oi didn't say yez was Matthew" smiles Mary. "No, yez ain't no imitashun, that's roight, ye're the rale thing. But as oi was sayin' wud yez be satisfied to be reborruned a million toimes till yez foinally became somebody or vanished

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away to nawthin'—koind av Nervura, oi think they caal it."

"Nirvana, Mary, that must be," corrects Matthew. "Nervura is a patent narve medicine, loike Lydy Pinkham; Nirvana is nawthin', ferever an' the day afther, oi read about that wanst mesel'."

"Aal roight, then Nirvana, so phwat's the difference" replies Mary. "But phwat d'yer know about their bein' so contented? How manny av thim youze iver seen?"

"Now quit taalkin' yer nonsense an' oi'll tell yez some more. In the afthernoon oi slipped into the dinin' room where oi cud hear the maytin' goin' on in the paarlors. An' say they did have a gude toime, no use taalkin'. No fightin' about the proizes an' no wan tellin' her nayghbor she was chatin' an' no wan gettin' excited about beatin', same's at the carrud parruties. They had singin' and raydin' the Bible an' prayin'—women prayin' in maytin', Matthew, out loud. An' then there was wan woman,

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she knew everything that there is about missions oi guess—her name is Montgomery, oi think—she gave a taalk that made me fergit aal about settin' the taable an' supper was late. But nobody kicked. She wint roight at it an' told the women how they was in the biggest business there was in the worruld.

“ ‘Taint no little pickayune side show,’ she says ‘it’s the big thing itself. The Lorrud’s told us to make Jesus King av aal the earth, an’ that’s a big job an’ it’s ours. Just think av phwat it means,’ she says. ‘We have had to sind men into counthries where they hadn’t anny written language an’ no worrud fer love or God or purity or salvashun, an’ the missionaries have had to larn the language an’ make dickshunaries an’ translate the Bible, an’ write books, an’ teach the natives to rade an’ write an’ to worruk an’ stop atin’ each other up, an’ run printin’ shops an’ build schools an’ churruches an’ hospitals. An’ we’ve sint men to proud nations wid censhuries av

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history behind thim an' an established rayligion loike Buddhism or Confushianism, an' have kept worrukin' at thim till thousands av thim have become Christians.'"

"An' she told about a cobbler named Carey phwat starruted the worruk agoin' a hundhred years ago, an' about Judson—who had three woives—tandem, not abreast—an' suffered so much (she meant from bein' in prison, not from his woives), an' Mackay who didn't have anny woife an' lived in Africy manny years, an' Livingston who died on his knees in the heart av Africy, an' Morrison who was in Chiny over twenty-foive years, an' a whole lot av others. An' 'taint ben no snap ayther. 'Didn't Carey have to wait sivin years befure there was wan convert?' she said. 'An' John Beck was in Greenland foive years befure there was anny results, an' Moffett was in Bechuanaland eleven years befure he baptized anny wan, an' it took four years fer annything to happen in Uganda,



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an' Morrison was twinty-siven years in Chiny widout bein' able to hold public maytins. Gilmore prayched twinty years in Mongolia before he cud rayport converts an' it tuk fifteen years to git the firrust Zulu.' The Get Rich Quick payple wudn't loike that sorrut av waitin', wud they?

"A misshunary was killed an' eaten by the Fijis about the toime yez wus borrun, Mat Hogan, an' now the Fijis are sendin' their own misshunaries to other islands.

"In Japan where they uster ferbid praychin' there are over two hundhred thousan' Christians now. More than thirty thousan' Chinee Christians were killed in the Boxer outrages because they wudn't deny their faith."

"D'yez think the haythen Chinees wud be willin' to die fer the Christian faith if he was so almighty continted as yez seem to think? Guess not much."

"An' baysides aal this, this lady says that in Indy now an' Japan the educated payple are losin' aal faith in their old

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rayligions an' don't know where to turrin. An' if we don't sind thim the Gospel now they won't have no rayligion, at aal, an' that'll be verry bad."

"Taint no two cint business ayther she tells thim, but it's the rale thing in Big Business. The Protestants spind over thirty millions av dollars iviry year, an' have thousans an' thousans av min an' women on the job over there all the toime."

"Well" breaks in Mat. "Oi think they ought to kape that money at home. Ain't there haythen aynuff here in this counthree? Wait till we git this counthree saved, that's what oi say."

"Yes an' that's where yez show that yez got more breath than brains some-toimes, Mat Hogan" replies Mary. "If ye'd ben at the maytin' yisterday ye'd had a mirror handed to yez that wud have showed yez phwat a goose annywan is that taalks that way."

"'Yez know' says this lady spayker, 'Lots av payple who don't want to give away money say we nade the money at

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home an' there's aynuff to do here. An' when yez tackle thim fer helpin' out at home they tell yez there's too manny churruches an' ministers annyway, we don't nade thim aal. An' so yez gits it comin' an' goin'. Now' she says 'wid aal doo rayspect to my impecoonious frinds oi must say that the most befittin' posishun fer thim wud be on their knees. If the Lorrud says—"to the ends av the earth wid yez"—phwat fer shud we assoome that He'd made a mistake? We ain't so much wiser than Him.' 'Whin' wud John Wannymaker have starruted a store in Noo Yorruck if he had waited till he got aal the trade he cud iver git in Philydelphy? Don't the Standard Oil belayve in foreign missions? S'pose they'd waited till they got aal the trade in this counthree? They'd be waitin' still.' "

"No sir, Mat Hogan, yez can't fool me now on this proposishun. Oi'm wise to it. Oi ain't no Protestant, but this gude lady yistherday—(oi do belayve she'll be

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saaved ayven if she ain't a Catholic, but don't yez tell Fayther Ryan oi said it)—she told about the worruk the wimin was thryin' to do among the child widders in Indy. An' oi'm goin' to give a day's scrubbin' to hellup thim do it, oi am. Toimes ain't verry gude or oi'd give two days. Oi'll have to do it before nixt Confession day, so's to be fergive, but oi don't belayve Fayther Ryan'll be too harrud on me if oi tell him how thim poor onforchunates are treated an' phwat sad an' shut in an' harrud loives they have to live till the misshonaries come. Mebbe he don't know about it. Annyway oi'm goin' to hellup thim Protestant wimin wid their job fer wanst.

“Glory be!” exclaims Mary looking at the clock. “It's most sivin o'clock, we've taalked so long. Oi must git my things on quick an' hustle over to Mrs. Redfield's or oi'll only git in nine hours terday an' oi want to git in tin fer it's twinty cints an' hour terday an' it aal goes to hellup thim payple in Indy. Oi

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think oi can worruk bettther fer thinkin' about it. An' oi can wait a little longer fer me noo shoes an' gloves—perhaps oi can do widout the gloves if it don't get too cold; oi wus goin' ter git thim this wake.

“An' look here, Mat,” she adds, as she starts for the door, “Oi do fale loike oi was wan av the soljers av the arrummy av' the Lorrud to-day, havin' a parrut in His conquerin' advance. Oi may be a little out av my divishun or company fer the day, but it's the Lorrud's arrummy, an' oi think the Blessed Virgin will inter-cayde fer me if oi brake wan av the rooles an' hellup thim Protestant wimin to bring loight an' loife to the wimin av other lands. She'll understhan.' ”

## CHAPTER VII

### A COURSE IN RURALOLOGY

"Hello, Matthew Hogan, oi'm glad to see yez back agin, so oi am" was the cheerful greeting that welcomed Matthew back from an absence of a fortnight on a structural job on one of the new buildings of the State School of Agriculture.

"An' oi'm glad to be back, too, Mary Hogan, belayve me" responds Matthew "Though oi did have a foine toime this trip. Instid av goin' to the saloons in the avenins or waalkin' the strates oi tuk a little coorse in agricoolchure."

"A phwat?" asks Mary.

"A coorse in agricoolchure" answers Mat. "Oive bin larnin' how to tell whither a hen's a rooster an' why it aint; an' how to raise a hog widout bein' wan."

"Phwat yez givin' us, man?" says Mary. "Yez bin to the crazy house."

"Naw, naw, Oi've bin to Ithicy, to the

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Hayseed Convintion, Faarmers Wake they caal it. Have yez niver seen three thousand cilluluyed caalers together? It's an inspirin' sight, me girrul, to see hundreds an' hundreds of harny handed sons of the soil sittin' together wid upturned faces like birruds to have the worrum of knowlige drapped into their open mouths. 'Tis a great day fer this counthree, I say, whin the faarmers give in that they can be larned annythin'.

"An' here I saw thim pursuin' knowlige like they'd struck the trail of a fox.

"It took a book of twinty-eight pages to tell thim where ivery leckshure and diminstrashun an' expiriment was to be held, an' where they cud lave their coats an' unbrellys, an' where they cud ate their sandwiges an' pickles widout the caalege buys pullin' their chin whiskers an' askin' how the hens is layin'.

"Oi waatched thim comin' up that bootiful hill at eight o'clock in the marnin' headed fer a leckshure on 'How

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## RURALOLOGY

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to projooce a full supply of milk whin the pump is froze.' Sich wonderful interest as men show in a practical taalk that touches rale life. An' the wimin had a diminstrashun on gittin' as much joy from patterin' butter as from spankin' the baaby.

"An' whin they come out from that leckshure they hike over to be told how to raise eggs that'll cost us a dollar a dozen, an' anither on how deacons should pack apples so's to spoil nayther the market nor their rayligion, an' anither on how yez can tell whither yez are hivein' bumble bees or yaller wasps.

"Oh this Counthree Loife Movement is a great thing, Mary. I got verry much interested in it all. I arlmost daycided to buy a farrum meself. But I larned that they hadn't yit devoloped a cow that wud milk herself at four o'clock on a cold winter marnin' so oi daycided to wait a bit.

"Well now, I thought to meself, if these here faarmers will only do what



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that man Bailey tells thim, we'll have a noo counthree in a few years. He give thim all koinds of good advice. He's phwat they caal a prophet. He says, says he: 'Men,' he says, 'The earth is the Laard's', says he. 'He made it' says he, 'an' it's His'n. Youze fellers are jist His agints', he says. 'An' a slouchy faarmer ain't a perfect Christian' he says. 'The soil is holy' he says. That was a sticker fer me, Mary. I've heard of holy water all me loife, but I niver heard of holy dirrut before.

"But before I cud git me breath he goes on. 'Prayin' is gude,' he says 'youze nade to do more of it, some of youze. But raymember' says he 'prayin' fer rain won't take the place of maynoor on yer land. God an' the faarmers are worrukin' together to feed this old worruld,' he says 'an' it's your Christian dooty' he says 'to be a gude faarmer jist the same as it is to be a gude man.'

"Well, Mary, rayligion an' faarmin' were gittin' pretty well mixed up in me

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moind. An' whin I tole some wan about it afther the meetin', he says to me, 'They ought to be mixed,' he says 'That's what they're fer. The throuble is' he says 'We've been thinkin' that the earth was Rockefeller's an' Morgan's mostly, an' that hivin was the Laard's. 'Taint so' says he. 'Didn't Jesus Christ worruk? What fer? Showin' us what God does. 'Me Fayther worruks' he says. An' a man can be some'at like God if he raises a gude Jersey cow an' helps nourish a swate little babe back from the grave an' fills its mother's heart wid joy an' brings the smoile back to its fayther's mug.'

" 'But,' says this here Bailey the nixt day, 'Don't think that raisin' gude cattle an' crops will make youze gude Christians', he says 'onless youze ray-member that youze are of more value than a sheep an' that man cannot live by bread alone. Go over to the Rooral Churruch Conference' he says 'over in the Dairy Buildin.' Nawthin' is so im-

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portant in this Counthree Loife Moove-mint' he says 'as the Churruch. The Rooral minister' he says 'is the most important man on the job an' he has a great opportoonty.'

"So over I goes to the Dairy Buildin' an' foinds a gang of sivral hundhred men an' wimin praisided over by a cheerful, saft voiced individooal who is the Dane of a Thayological Simitery. He's bin a Rooral pastor all his loife, preachin' to his rilitaves in a counthree school house in Canady six wakes iviry summer.

" 'Frinds' he says 'We are here fer to discuss the Rooral Churruch.'

"What they waant to cuss the churruch fer?" asks Mary.

"Oi didn't say cuss, phwat's the matter wid yer ear triumphet anyway. Oi said discuss. Though to be shure some of thim did fergit he said dis-cuss. But I thought to mesel' Mary, whoile they were tellin' of their faalts an' failin's, if only the laryers an' doctors an' ivery-

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body else wud be as honest wid themselves as these ministers an' their payple were it wud be betther fer thimselves an' fer the worruld. The churruch may be slow to move, but she ain't dead yet.

" 'Now, me buys,' he says 'Don't anny of us know much about this problem. But ivirybody knows a little, an' we'll each wan tell what he knows, an' that'll give plinty of toime fer ivirybody. Raymimber the limits of yourre knowlige if ye're timpted to spake long. Now who'll be the firrust to tistify?'

"Man aloive, there was more than forty firrusts. But he picks out wan feller to spake.

" 'I am from Grapetown,' he says. 'Richest town in Lakeridge County. Tin of my families come to churruch in their automobyles iviry pleasant Sunday, whin they don't go visitin'. Ivirybody has all the worruk they waant,—an' more too. Thin they put up a big bluff about bein' poor an' say they caan't raise more'n foive hundhred dollars fer

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a minister's salary, an' if a man is worruk-in' fer souls he won't be lookin' fer money, he'll be glad to live on that amount. An' whin I accept their proposition, they says 'He can't be much of a feller or he wouldn't be worrukin' fer such a salary as we pay.' What ails the churruch is its cussed stinginess." he says.

"Say, yer shud have seen the eyes stick out whin he says that.

" 'Oi ain't swearin' he says, 'But the whole thing is cursed of God. It has condemned ministers' children to go to worruk whin they ought to be in school. It has sentenced their woives to early graves or long invalidism from over-worruk. It has forced the ministers to go widout books, an' to lay awake noights figurin' how they can kape Jimmie an' Mary in school, an' what wud happen if they shud die, wid so little loife insoorance. It has cursed the churruches into weakness an' a piddlin', grubbin', scratchin' effort to make wan oyster an' foive quarts of milk an' a barrel of water at a

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churruch sociable pay half the minister's salary.'

" 'Amin' shouts a Mithodist brother.

" 'Amin' yells me Baptis frind. 'Youze can't build up strong rooral churruches by runnin' a savin's bank. Thim ministers have got to have enough salary to have salt pork wance a month annyway, an' more books than an almanac iviry other Christmas, an' more vacations than readin' about how their city brother pastors had a trip to Europe or Californy or the Yellowstone Parruk.

"By this toime they had things goin', Mary, an' the interist was what youze moight call giniral, not to say intinse.

"Up jumps a faarmer an' says, says he, 'If youze ministers will worruk fer us, we'll pay youze,' he says. 'The throuble is youze worruk fer the payple in the village an' lave us payple out on the faarums alone. It's us that nade yer attintion. Youze interfere wid the caard paarties, hangin' round the village, annyway.'

“ ‘Mr. Chairman,’ says another layman ‘I think wan throuble is that ministers use the rooral churruch as a step-pin’ stone to the city pulpits, instid of thinkin’ they are worth whoile thimselves. We ain’t no waystation; we’ve got payple can tell a gude sarmon whin your city folks only wonder when the minister had his pants pressed last toime.’

“ ‘As to that’ answers a minister ‘The churruches have forced men to go to the city by their infernal consarvatism. If a man has an idea he can’t trace back to the flood, the churruch has no use fer it.

“ ‘The biggest drawback in my opinion,’ says another ‘is that faarmers won’t co-operate. They niver larned to do team worruk, an’ make sacrifice hits an’ let wan of their own gang be captain.’

“ ‘Well, buys’, says the genial chairman after a whoile youze had a gude toime airin’ yerselves, now see if youze can dig as hard as youze can kick. Lay some gude foundations now,’ he says. ‘What youze goin’ to do about it?’ says he.

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‘I am sure’, says wan man ‘that the counthree churruch nades the best min there are to occupy its pulpits. We must have men who choose the counthree churruch just as others choose Africy fer their loife worruk. It’s a wonderful field.’

“‘Rooral ministers of the future,’ says another ‘would better have four years in agricultooral college before Siminary larnin’ about witch graas an’ kidney beans, than four years in the classical college diggin’ up Grake roots an’ Latin poatry.’

“‘We nade fewer churruches in most rooral sections, an’ a better support fer the ministers,’ adds a third. ‘Thin we will git more strong men.’

“‘The churruch must provide healthful, clane amusements in some places,’ says another. ‘Have a social centre where the young payple can spend some toime together when youze droive out the saloons.’

“Wan man who knew what he was



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talkin' about told about a counthree fair his churruch conducted last faal. Did yez iver hear of a circus as a manes of grace? Nivir, only whin yez tried to justify yer goin' on the excuse that yez were takin' yer little buy to see the animals. Well this feller told how they had their ploughin' matches, base ball games, pickle an' prasarve contests, an' all the joys of a counthree fair widout anny vaudeville, or catch penny contrapshuns. Yez couldn't buy anny-thing on the grounds. It was a rale community, dimocratic, good fellowship toime. An' the next toime he went up to that little school house meetin,' he added a lot of members to his churruch, because they knew he was interested in thim. The churruch had shown its onselfish interest in their loives."

"'Mr. Chairman' said another man who seemed to have been around a gude deal 'I wud loike to call attinshun to the fact that as a ginerall rule a standard salary of a thousand dollars a year will

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inshure a stronger ministry in the long run. Nevertheless an' notwithstandin' I have noticed that in individooal cases, service don't depend on salary an' we all know that some of the best worruk in our rooral fields is done by men who git a miserably small salary. But that is no rayson why they should not be paid more. All honor to the men who are doin' thousand dollar worruk at fifty per cent discount fer cash that they have harrud worruk to collect. Ray-member two things' he says. 'A thousand dollars won't buy ayther rayligion or common sinse. But if a man has thim a thousand dollars will be better fer him than foive hundred,—especially if he has children to ejucate.' ”

“ ‘Thin again’ he says ‘we must see to it that the rooral pastor has a man’s job. To put a Baptis’ an’ a Mithidist pastor to scrappin’ over who shall git the best posishun in the foight in a village of three hundhred may be interestin’ to the onbelievers an’ encouragin’ to the

devil, but it ain't enticin' to min wid red blood who'd rayther hit sin hard than manufacture statistics fer sectarian pride to gloat over.'

"But the best thing that was said, oi think, Mary, was by a man from Hamilton. He says, 'Me frinds we nade to raymember what the churruch is fer,' he says 'The churruch don't nade to do exactly the same things in every vilage. The churruch's business is to do annything that God would do, if there ain't some other agency a doin' it.'

"Oi came home thinkin' about that, an' the more oi think the more clear it all is. Youze don't nade to lay out a cast iron program fer every church. All yez nade is to git every churruch to see that it is to be loike the dear Lorrud who came to minister to this worruld. Annything Jesus would do, the churruch can safely do, whether it's preachin' a sarmen, or teachin' a poor widder woman how to cook, or runnin' a bowlin' alley, or persuadin' payple to vote rum out, or

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sittin' up wid a sick man, or spakin' the last worruds over his dead body. It is enough fer a churruch that it be as its Master. If a churruch gits a vision of doin' what Jesus wud do fer a community, nor askin', firrust an' foremost how many payple can we git to come to our churruch an' what'll they pay, yez can trust it to invint its own program of worruk.

"So I came away wid much hope fer the churruch. She ain't perfect yit. But if it wasn't fer her the rooral districts wud be worse than Sodom an' Gomorrah long ago, an' so wud the cities. She's been the saalt of the earth. We nade to boost her, not to knock her. We must all join in. She's naded more than iver. Don't yez raymember Oliver Goldsmith wance wrote:

'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a  
prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men  
decay.'

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“Well Matthew Hogan, yer coorse in agricoolchure has made quoite a preacher out av yez ain’t it?” says Mary not unappreciatively. “Now suppose yez ate some av thim noo biscuits an’ have a piece av steak an’ a few fried cakes along wid a cup av tea an’ we’ll daycide about movin’ out into the counthree an’ upliftin’ the rooral churruch afther supper.”

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE OLD PREACHER

“Matthew, me man, who was the owld gintlemin wid the whoite locks, we jist passed?” inquired Mary Hogan, as she and her Matthew were returning from early mass whither the militant Mary had conducted the belligerent and protesting Matthew for two consecutive Sunday mornings. “Giniral Hogan” Matthew sometimes called her when in a playful mood. But it was the jest which softened the truth, for though she was his “to have and to hold,” he had found the joys of possession effectively tempered by the experience of “holding” a partner strong in will and word, and had long ago discovered that the unconstitutional boss is sometimes more powerful than the legal ruler.

“Oi don’t know, oi’m shure,” replies Matthew. “Oi’ve seen him roun’ a gude dale too. He has a verry peaceful lookin’ face,—loike as if he moight have missed

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some av the joys av matrimony, perhaps,—or maybe his woife died young,” he adds, taking care to move over to the edge of the sidewalk lest the “Gineral’s” strong arm should emphasize her resentment of this acrid comment on marital life.

Matthew had not yet forgiven Mary for waking him up early two Sunday mornings in succession and forcing him into a boiled shirt and a celluloid collar. He need not have feared, however, for Mary was not in a dangerous mood. The influence of the spacious cathedral, the dignified service, the sunlight streaming through the beautiful stained glass windows, the Te Deums of the choir, the processional, the intonations, the chants, and the recessional, and the mystery and solemnity of it all, was still upon her.

“Oh now, Matthew, poor man, it was koind av harrud on yez to make yez go to churruch twict. But yez must ray-member, ye’ve ben purty careless lately,

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me buy. Don't yez rickallict how thin yer pay envelope was whin yez got home a wake ago, and how Tim Flynn an' Jack O'Connell ushered yez home Choos-day noight from Flanigan's Place? An' think av yer little Tommy that ain't got his noo shoes yit, whin yer promist thim to him two wakes ago. Oh, Mat if yez cud have seen the little feller's tears whin oi towld him he wud have to wear thim ole shoes to school on the Monday wid the soles av his fate touchin' the cole sidewalk iviry step an' the kids aal lookin' at his toes stickin' out an' askin' him was he givin' his Trilbys the fresh air cure, it wud have broken yer heart, Mat Hogan, it wud."

"Don't Mary, don't, me girrul, oi didn't mane to, honest oi didn't. Oi starruted straight fer home from the shop whin the whistle blowed, but yez know yez can't git to Arcady Place widout passin' a procession av' saloons. How can yez now? Oh yes, if we only lived up on the Avenoo, a man cud git



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home widout smillin' whiskey iviry other door he passed. An' his childer cud grow up widout knowin' more about the saloon than they do about the churruch. But us poor divils Mary, we've got to have the saloons stuck roight under our noses. There ain't no restrictions in our deeds that kapes rum off our strate. Mary, d'yer hear me, Tommy shall have thim noo shoes this wake an' a noo football moind that now,"

"Mat Hogan y'er a gude man" responds Mary through gathering tears. "Won't the kid be happy though!"

A moment they walked in silence. Mat had been traveling in his mind from the Bridge Foundry, cutting across by the Gas Works and trying to get home without passing a saloon. But it was of no avail. "The destruction of the poor is his poverty" was the sentence that had been pronounced against him. He couldn't live in the neighborhood such as he could afford without paying an additional price in the temptation of himself and his family.

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"Mary, me darlin'," he says after a while. "Mary, d'yez think yez cud mate me down by the Gas Worruks an' waalk home wid me a few noights? Tommy must have thim shoes, but—my Gawd!—oi'm afraid they'll git into me stommick in Flanigan's Place if oi have to come home alone after the twelve hours in that hot furnace room at the Foundry. Oi ain't got much stringth to raysist timplation before supper, Mary."

"Av coorse oi will me dear man," replies Mary. "Oi'll knock off at foive o'clock at Mrs. Redfield's an' skin acrost the upper bridge an' be there waitin' fer yez, Matthew." And this after she had done eight hours' washing and ironing and cleaning, and must walk over two miles to the Gas Works.

The turn in their conversation had driven "the owld gintlemin wid the whoite locks" quite out of their mind, and no further reference was made to him till dinner time when the casual

mention of the white haired Bishop McQuaid recalled the subject of their first remarks.

"Matthew, we didn't finish about the owld man we passed on the way from churruch. Did yez say yez didn't know who he is?" says Mary.

"Well, oi don't know exactly, Mary" replies Matthew, "But oi've heard him caaled Dochter Forsythe. Oi think he's a minister, or used to be."

"Used to be, Matthew" says Mary. "D'yez mane he got excommunicated? He do look loike a gude man. What fer did they put him out?"

"Oh they didn't put him out, Mary, oi don't belayve" replies Matthew. "But he jist cudn't git a place, he was gittin' so owld."

"How owld is he, d'yer think, Mat? He don't look virry ancient" says Mary.

"Oi shud say most sixty" is Mat's answer.

"Sixty, man! Yez don't caal that owld do yez? Ain't the prisidint av

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yer Bridge Worruks sivinty? Didn't they most nominate Champ Clarruk fer prisidint an' ain't he over sixty? D'yez mane thim Protestant frinds av yoors scrap their ministers jist whin business min are dooin' the best worruk av their loives?"

"Don't be too harrud on thim, Mary" protests Matthew. "Yez know railroads an' machine shops an' stores some-toimes rayfuse to hire noo min afther they're forruty-foive years owld."

"Yes, but they don't turrin thim off whin they're forruty-foive if they are doin' gude worruk, do they?" asks Mary.

"No, they don't, that's so," replies Mat. "Oi tell yez, us Catholics has got thim aal beat fer takin' care of their ministers. D'yer think a praste iver has to worry will he have enough to supporrut himself an' woife whin he's owld?"

"Himself an' woife, Mat Hogan," breaks in Mary. "What yez taalkin' about,—prastes' woives indade."

"Well, well, that's wan on me shure, Mary," confesses Mat. "Oi seen the pastor av the little Presbyterian churruch down by the Bridge Worruks go by wid his woife so often that oi forgot prastes don't have no woives."

"Oi tell yez what's lets do afther dinner" continues Mat. "Let's waalk down to Brown Square Parruk an' git a little fresh air. We moight run acrost the owld gintlemin. Oi think he lives down that way, somewheres."

"Aal roight, oi'll do it" quickly replies Mary. "Ain't oi ben stuffed up in thim Riversoide Droive palaces aal the blessed wake, whare they won't let in enough av Gawd's frish air to kape a birrud falin' gude, an' thin go off to some sanytorium an' slape wid the winders open fer a medicine. Oh yes, they're willin' to pay fer frish air whin its prescroided by their physishun (not plain dochter, Mat, but "my physishun"), but whin Gawd gives it free by the day they won't aven open the winders to

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let it in. Wisht oi cud buy a docther's diplomy chape, somewheres, oi'd set up fer a narve speshialist, an' write out prescripshuns av fresh air an' dape braythin' fer aal av thim. Yez wudn't have to go to the Medical Schools an' skin poor innocent cats an' tickle frogs' legs to larn how to dope the payple oi worruk fer, Mat. Aal yer'd nade wud be the Latin worruds fer fresh air an' waalkin' an' braythin' an' a few simple midicines loike that."

"Now, Katie dear, you an' Annie do up the dishes roight smarrut now, while yer daddy an' me honeymoon a little this bootiful Sunday afthernoon" orders Mary Hogan with her most encouraging smile, as she rises from the table as a signal that the meal is over.

"All right, mother" reply Kate and Annie in concert, for the big hearted Mary usually insisted of a Sunday afternoon that the girls should rest or "play a piece on the pyaner" (the pride of her heart and the fruit of much hard work

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on her hands and knees), or go out themselves for a walk.

So while Matthew was lighting his pipe and Mary was getting her meeting clothes on for her walk, the girls whisked the things off the table, humming, as an accompaniment, the chorus of a popular song they had heard at the moving picture show the night before. And when five minutes later Matthew and Mary Hogan opened the door to go out of humble 5 Arcady Place, the President of the United States and his wife had no more joy in their heart nor expressions of love from their children as they left the White House for a spin in the "first auto in the land." Surely in the love of home "The rich and the poor meet together" in our land. In some things at least, the rich are not richer than the poor.

Taking the first turn that led them away from the usual route of their daily travels, Hogan and Hogan came at last to Brown Square, whither hundreds of

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Sunday afternoon strollers had wandered to walk around the duck pond, lie on the grass and watch for the next vacancy on the benches.

They had not been in the park long before Mary espied on the other side of the duck pond their friend of the morning, "the owld gintlemin wid the whoite locks." He was walking slowly along apparently somewhat weary, for he soon sought a place on the green grass where he could drop down for a rest. Hogan and Hogan made toward him, sat down near him on the grass and prepared to open up conversation.

"Bootiful afthernoon, frind," Matthew ventured as a starter.

"Very beautiful" responded Dr. Forsythe. "God is very good to give us such a bright cheerful day, and fresh air to enjoy. It's quite a change here in the park from my little back room on Armory Street."

"Shure an' a noice gintlemin loike you don't live in Armory Strate," speaks



up Mary. She could have bitten her tongue off for making such a remark directly she had made it, but it could not be taken back. She saw the shadow pass over Dr. Forsythe's face and she cursed herself inwardly for her thoughtless words.

"Yes, it isn't what I've been used to in past years, that is true, but it is the best I can afford now, and I find myself among kind and loving hearts who try to make a lonely old man cheerful and contented."

"An' are yez alone, misther, d'yez say?" inquires Mary.

"Yes, my Mary went home a month ago."

"D'yez say—yez can't mane—excuse me, but yez don't mane she left yez, misther?" Mary was dumbfounded at the thought. Dr. Forsythe saw the look of astonishment on her face and smiled faintly as he replied.

"I mean she died" he said calmly. "I call it going home. She's waiting for me."

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Nothing was said for several moments. The little group forgot that anyone else was in the big park. They sat looking at the grass and trying each to hide the tear that would arise.

Mat was thinking of his Mary and what life would be without her; Mary was thinking of purgatory and whether the old man had enough money to pay for masses for his wife's release; Dr. Forsythe was thinking of the day—he hoped it was not far away—when he too, would “go home.”

Mary was the first to speak. Gently, hesitatingly she spoke, for she feared hurting the old man's feelings again.

“Excuse me—but—yez will—take it—koinldy—won't yez now—oi mane it gude—but have yez got aynuff money to pay fer masses fer her soul? Oi cud spare yez some if yez ain't.”

The great heart of the poor! There wasn't ten dollars in money in the firm of Hogan and Hogan, but Mary would have borrowed ten from Alderman Quinn

and have coined her muscle at fifteen cents an hour to pay him back.

"Thank you, thank you my dear woman," answers Dr. Forsythe, with tears of gratitude he did not try to hide. "I appreciate your kindness more than I can tell you. And if I believe she needed masses for her soul I would be in unspeakable distress for I haven't a penny. But, my good friends, my Mary is with her Saviour already—He paid the price and He led the way and no prayer or priest or deed or failure of ours can help or hinder her now. She's with Him, face to face."

The look of peace on the old man's face as he said these words seemed almost of another world.

"That's wondherfool, misther, to be layve, but how can it be thrue? How d'yer know it do be so?" says Mary. "Fayther Ryan says iviry body has to go, gude or bad, an' we must help thim out. It cost me forruty dollars fer me own fayther, 'cause he died in dhrink."

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*OLD PREACHER*

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Dr. Forsythe knew that the forty dollars helped out the priest more than Mary's "fayther," but he knew better than to tell Mary that fact.

"Don't you remember that our Saviour said that he that believed on Him was passed from death to life, and that He was going to prepare a place for us? Surely he wouldn't prepare a purgatory. He said it was mansions, and that He was coming again to receive us to himself. And then he told the thief on the Cross that he should be with Him that day in Paradise. And if the thief could go there at once, I know my Mary could."

Dr. Forsythe had no idea of trying to draw these two new acquaintances away from their traditional faith without any assurance that he would have opportunity to lead them into a larger and freer life to take its place. And that could not be done in a few minutes in a chance conversation. He therefore gracefully turned their thought into other channels by continuing to speak

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*HOGAN AND HOGAN*

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of his Mary. These few remarks had woven a bond of sympathy between them and in the presence of tender hearts he naturally found satisfaction and relief in opening his heart, as he had had few opportunities to do of late.

"Yes my good friend, my Mary began to live in Heaven here below many years ago. She made home a paradise for me, and I am sure she'd make any place a paradise—even purgatory if she happened to find herself there. In fact she went into many homes which were veritable hells when we were in the pastorate and brought such help to them that they became real samples of heaven."

"Then yez used to be a minister?" puts in Mat, as innocently as though he had had no suspicions of his identity.

"Yes, I used to be a pastor. My name is Forsythe—Doctor Forsythe I came to be finally."

"An' we're Hogan and Hogan" says Matthew. "She's Mary Hogan an' oi'm Mat Hogan. Glad to know yez sor."

Doctor Forsythe offered his hand. "Mary—Mary—that's a sweet name to me, as you already know. Mary Hogan, God bless you!" he said. To her it was a benediction which brought the tears, and left her speechless, but possessed by a feeling of peace and quiet that was quite new to her. It was the old, old story of the power of a godly personality over all with whom it comes into touch.

"Yes, yes, I was a pastor," he continued. "I was. I have never got used to saying 'I was' yet either. I'm not so very old even now,—only sixty-five. But the care of souls, the burden of the needs and difficulties of men, the long weeks of meetings, the hard drives into the country and the constant strain of a pastor's life for nearly forty years have helped to whiten these locks. And then the care of Mary the last three years—poor, dear heart, she was worn out with the cares and work of a pastor's wife—and the awful fear that I couldn't support her till the last!" The old man

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*HOGAN AND HOGAN*

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bowed his head. Hogan and Hogan turned their faces away. Mat brushed his sleeve across his eyes, while Mary said softly "Poor soul. Gawd hellup him."

After a little he recovered himself and continued. "I began preaching when I was twenty-five years old and was a pastor for nearly forty years, thirty-seven, to be exact. During that time I served only six churches. I was with two churches ten years each and had only one short pastorate whose termination was due entirely to ill health.

"My pastorates were not with our largest churches. In one church I had a salary of eight hundred dollars, the largest I ever received, but that was for only five years, and the children were in school. "Ah, the children, praise God for the children." The old man had forgotten Hogan and Hogan now. He was talking not to inform them, but to relieve his feelings. "What would my life have been without my children?

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*OLD PREACHER*

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Sometimes it has seemed as though there were two major sins in the ministry. One is to grow old and the other to have more than two children. How many times have my services been declined by good churches I might have served acceptably because I had such a big family—four children. There was Beaverton with its high school, and college only ten miles away. What a godsend that would have seemed when the children were preparing for college. I remember how Deacon Brown said my sermons seemed to be just the kind they needed and he was sure God had sent me to the church—until he learned how many children we had. I am afraid I was a little bitter for a time over those experiences, but thank the Lord that's all past. It was a struggle and how we lived through it I don't know, but what a joy it was when George finished his college and seminary course and started for the foreign field, and Albert graduated in medicine and Alice got her diploma from Wellesley and began to teach.



“And then Henry—oh Henry, will I ever forget how my heart sank when Doctor Flint told us after your attack of scarlet fever that you might never walk again? How much it cost us I do not know. Certainly we never begrudged a penny, and when you died after fifteen years of invalidism, I would have gladly given my own life to have made you well and strong.

“I sometimes wonder whether a society that pensions its policemen and firemen and teachers owes nothing to those who have given the world a missionary, a physician and a teacher beside spending themselves in the general welfare?

“And yet, if I had it all to do over I would be a minister. I could do no other. It was ‘Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.’ I claim no credit for doing the work the Lord laid on me. And it has been a happy life in spite of these years of want and anxiety. I may say without boasting that the churches

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*OLD PREACHER*

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I have served have all increased in real strength under my care. When I went to Eastham the church had been organized less than three years and had a membership of only sixty. I left it seven years later with a membership of over two hundred. I have never had a split in a church nor had any serious difficulty with those to whom I ministered. Yet three years ago when I tried for six months to secure another field, I realized that the churches were looking for younger men and the sense of uselessness—the most awful realization that can come to a man—was forced upon me. Then I was fortunate enough to secure a place running an elevator at the Eagle Hotel, till it closed. Since then how hard it has been, God only knows.

“Possibly you think we should have laid by enough during these years to provide for old age. I hear of ministers whose salaries have not been greater than my own who manage to save something each year. Possibly it is my fault

that we have not saved more. Certainly no blame attaches to my wife. We never kept help, and she made all the clothing for the children and herself up to the time when they left home, with such help as our daughter was able to give. As I look back over the years I can see but one place where I wasted money. I had saved a thousand dollars and invested it upon the advice of a friend who was known as a shrewd and successful business man, but the company was fleeced by a dishonest official and my money was lost. It is easy for men who have spent their lives in making money to say that I was almost or quite criminally foolish and deserve to suffer. Perhaps they are right. At any rate we have nothing. Even if we had had that thousand, the income from it would not have gone far toward supporting us.

“Perhaps you wonder why my children don’t care for me. George is in the heart of Africa—poor boy he doesn’t

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*OLD PREACHER*

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know his mother is dead yet—George has his family to educate and an operation to pay for, and I cannot go to him, nor would I let him know my need. Albert—a marble slab on the Isthmus tells of his contribution to science and the stamping out of yellow fever. And Alice—dear girl, with a consumptive husband on the lonely plains of New Mexico—my burdens are less than hers.

“But I would not complain. I was able to provide for Mary till the end. Praise God, Praise God! And for myself, I am better off than many. When my room is too warm on these hot summer days, I can come out in the park, and when it is too cool in the winter I can go over to the library and find many friends in the books at my disposal. Then I am not alone in my condition either. I believe I have that letter from my friend Jackson in my pocket now. It came only yesterday. Yes, here it is. Poor Jackson. He’s having a hard time of it, too. Here’s what he says:

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*HOGAN AND HOGAN*

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“ ‘But my children in the gospel—where are they? How many have told me, weeping for joy, that they would never forget me! Do you remember that meeting at Deep Creek in the summer of ’70? What a time of refreshing that was! The easiest thing I had to do was to preach and tell the story. And it was just a year later that we had the great revival at Oak Hill. In those two years, I baptized a hundred and sixty persons. And then think of what a long list of names all would make who have come into the church through the long years of labor gone. Now that we have come to this sore strait, is it not natural for me to ask for my spiritual children and to hope for some help from them? Can it be that they have forgotten me? Paul, you know, seemed to think he had some claim on Timothy, because he was his son in the gospel, and it does—it does look to me as if my children should remember their old, worn-out father. But they do not, and I think I can now see

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*OLD PREACHER*

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the end. If my thin blood refuses to flow, and I go down before long, as surely I must, I want to be buried over yonder at Oak Hill where I labored and spent the very best years of my life. I guess they will remember me when you carry my body back, and will want to put flowers on my coffin or on my grave. Yes, I hear them now singing about the old soldier and the warfare through which he passed. But, flowers on my grave or in my stiff fingers are not as good as bread on an old man's table, and warm clothes on his back. To be alone in the world is not the worst solitude. The worst is that which we are suffering now—the sense that we are forgotten and nobody cares for us, because we are old and cannot work any more. I know it is true that our life should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening, or, like the summer, aglow with promise, or the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, when good deeds and good works have ripened on the field.

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*HOGAN AND HOGAN*

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But want will beget bitterness, and I am afraid I am becoming bitter. If I preached for money where is it? I had the burden on me of caring for hundreds of people, visiting them in their sickness, looking them up when they strayed from the church, marrying the living and burying the dead. I had to keep the Sunday Schools alive, and work up the Missionary enterprises, and I held inquiry meetings, and wrote letters and sat day and night beside the sick—sometimes only to hold the hand of the dying, who said they wanted me with them to the end. I tried to do it all. I followed many of them till their feet touched Jordan, and it seems to me that the love I bore for my children in the gospel would have made me willing to go on over Jordan with them. It was my joy to put their hands into the hands of Jesus, and bid them good-bye for His better keeping. Then there were the letters I had to write, the begging I had to do, the weak churches to visit, the

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*OLD PREACHER*

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quarrels to adjust, the poor to feed, the erring ones to reclaim, the visitors to entertain. I don't know how we stood it all. But I have nothing to regret. I would not undo any of it. I only wish I had been stronger and braver, and that the Master had loaded on more for me to carry. But to be as we are now after the work is over—this is the pinch. The house not ours, the land a stranger's, the pantry empty, our only child a servant and cook. I don't think God will censure me for asking, where are my children? Jesus cleansed ten lepers, and when only one returned to give thanks, he asked, 'Where are the nine?' Ah! Master, it makes the rough path a little smoother, now that I see thou hast even gone this way before me. I am not alone in knowing the dagger-thrust of ingratitude.' ”

Doctor Forsythe finished reading the letter from his friend Jackson, folded it up, returned it to the envelope and started to put it back in his pocket. Mary



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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Hogan's keen eye noticed the shak-  
ing hand, but before she could come to his  
side the old man lay unconscious on the  
grass at their side. A crowd soon gathered  
around the prostrate form, but not  
a person in the crowd knew the old man  
save by sight.

"Call a taxicab, Mat Hogan," ordered  
Mary, "and get him up to 5 Arcady  
Place. He needs friends and some good  
nursing, that's what he needs."

By the time the taxi had arrived  
Doctor Forsythe had come to, but he  
had no strength to resist the generosity  
of his new made friends, even had he  
been so disposed.

Inside of a half hour he was lying be-  
tween the clean white sheets of Hogan  
and Hogan's best bed, forgotten by the  
hundreds his own ministry had blessed  
neglected by the brothers and sisters  
his household of faith, the guest of  
the couple he had known but an hour, the  
humble-folk of 5 Arcady Place.

Sleep claimed the tired body at once

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*OLD PREACHER*

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and when the doctor came he thought it best not to arouse him. Had he known how little his patient had eaten the last week he would have awakened him. Next morning he came again, but the old man had passed into a coma which alarmed the physician. Nothing he could do seemed to arouse him, and by night Dr. Joyce became alarmed. Mary Hogan was quick to sense the doctor's alarm, and when after much effort they at last succeeded in arousing Dr. Forsythe, she knew the physician regarded him as near the end.

Dr. Joyce felt that he must lose no time in acquainting the old man with his condition. It was a blessed piece of news to him. "And I shall soon be with my Mary," he feebly whispered, "And my Saviour."

"Docther Forsythe, me gude man, but wudn't yez loike the praste? Mat youze git him quick" says Mary.

"No, Jesus is all I need." Dr. Forsythe replied quietly, trying to raise his hand.

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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It was the natural impulse of a trusting soul who had never known the intervention of priests and prelates between himself and God.

But he remembered that he was going to be a guest with a woman who was a—Catholic. “Mary,” he said a little more firmly, “I don’t need the priest, but if you will feel better have him come.”

Father Ryan was soon there and alone with the sinking man.

“My brother” said Dr. Forsythe to Father Ryan. “You and I don’t agree as to many things. I am prepared to meet my Saviour face to face. And if you can conscientiously say to Mary and Matthew Hogan that they needn’t worry about my soul, I am sure it will be a Christian act.”

“It shall be done” replied Father Ryan solemnly.

After the priest had gone Dr. Forsythe and the physician were alone.

“Doctor” said the old minister after a while. “I wouldn’t offend these good

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*OLD PREACHER*

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souls for the world. You and I are Protestants. Mary and Matthew will feel under obligation to pay for mass for my soul. Will you go to Jonathan Biglow, the president of the Vulcan Bridge Works—he's one of my converts—and have him arrange with the priest so that Matthew and Mary need not pay?"

"Do you mean that Jonathan Biglow is one of your spiritual children and you are dying in the home of one of his Catholic employees?" inquires Dr. Joyce almost savagely.

"Even so" answers Dr. Forsythe. "But he doesn't realize—

Dr. Joyce did not hear the end of the sentence, for he had gone out into the kitchen.

"Mary Hogan, send for Jonathan Biglow at once. Tell him his old pastor is dying at 5 Arcady Place."

Inside of an hour a limousine burst in on the astonished inhabitants of Arcady Place, and Jonathan Biglow opened the door and stepped out. He was shown

into the newly christened "prophet's chamber" whence his old pastor was starting his journey for another world.

During the hour Dr. Joyce had sat beside the bed catching words now and then from the dying preacher's lips "Mary,—children—school—meetings—Brownsville—Jonathan—baptisms—new church—hundred converts—minister's home forget—trust—forgotten—useless—alone." He knew the old man was reviewing his life. He was not bitter, he felt sure of that, but—alone.

Jonathan Biglow stepped to the side of the bed and spoke to his old pastor.

"Doctor Forsythe" he said, taking the emaciated hand in his. But no answer came. "Doctor Forsythe" he repeated. "Pastor,—Jonathan—don't you know me?" No answer.

"Mary Hogan" came from the failing voice. "Mary Hogan."

Mary came to the bedside and took his hand.

"I was—a—stranger—and—ye—took

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*OLD PREACHER*

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me—in—. I—was—sick—and—ye—ye—” His voice failed him, but still he held her hand. After a moment they caught again more feeble yet—“Inas—as—much—as—ye—ye—did—unto—unto—Me.”

“He is gone” said Dr. Joyce.

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“Mat Hogan” said Mary, a few hours later as they sat together in the kitchen, “What yez think raley ailed Dochter Forsythe?”

“Oi think his heart broke” replied Mat.

“So do oi” concurs Mary.



## CHAPTER IX

### HOGAN AND HOGAN THEOLOGIZE

Time, Sunday afternoon; place, the lean-to kitchen of 5 Arcady Place. Hogan and Hogan have just finished one of Mary Hogan's best Sunday dinners, the children have scattered to the street, the Park, and the moving picture show, and Mary is "doin' up the dishes."

"Mary Hogan," said Mat when he had finished lighting his pipe and had settled down for a meditative smoke, "Did yez moind phwat Fayther Ryan was raydin' this mornin' at mass about the dooty av the woives to moind their husbands an'—"

"Oi noticed phwat he was raydin' about the dooty av ivirybody to moind their own business an' to be sober" breaks in Mary who had wondered ever since the morning sermon why Father Ryan had read that passage about the women. Mat Hogan had been rather restless of late. He had kept away



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from Flanigan's Place for two full weeks. The pleasure of seeing little Tom in decent shoes playing with his new football had been a rich reward for his abstinence, but he had been getting touchy the last few days and Mary had several times seen him assert his headship of the firm of Hogan and Hogan in a way she secretly resented, but thought it not wise to dispute. "Oi suppose it was in the toime table so he had to rade it," she had said to herself, "But oi wisht he had read somethin' comfortin' about the gude shepherd an' how he cares fer the lame an' weary wans."

"That's aal roight, Mary Hogan" replies Mat. "He was jist encouragin' me to kape on bein' sober, but oi guess oi ben a little careless about larnin' yez, Mary. Yez know it says that if the wimmin wantter know annything they must ask their husban's at home.

"Preshus lot some av us wud know if we had to larn it aal from our husbans" puts in Mary,—a comment of which Mat takes no notice.

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## HIGHER CRITICS

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"Yez see, Paul was a great thayologian, Mary Hogan. No suffrygette fer hisn. 'Oi ain't goin' to allow no woman to be boss over a man,' he says, 'fer we was here firrust' says he. 'Adam firrust, then Eve,' he says. 'The head av the woman is the man. Woives submit yersel's to yer husban's,' Fayther Ryan read that verry plain."

"Look here, Mat Hogan," says Mary with more than a little color in her face by this time, "Phwat toime av the worruld d'yez think it is, anyway? Yez naydn't think Saint Paul was layin' down rooles fer to give youze men the roight to bate up us women. Probably he was an ole bacheldor himsel' wan't he?"

"Oi ain't shure, but oi think oi hearrud he was" replies Mat. "But phwat difference wud that make?"

"Phwat difference wud it make, yer looney? Phwat difference wud it make if yez didn't have a woife an' six childer, eh?"

"Oi don't know, oi'm shure" replies

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Mat. He couldn't conceive the possibility. "Oi moight have more"—

"Yes, yez moight have more money to spend on bad whiskey an' ye'd probly think yez was jist the wan to tell women they didn't know nothin' an' how to bring up the kids," breaks in Mary, not waiting for Matthew to finish his answer.

"Why Mary Hogan, that's blasphemous; yez must be a Higher Critic," says her husband rebukingly.

"Oi don't have to be hired to critic youze Mat Hogan" snaps Mary.

"Not hired, Mary, but higher," corrects Mat.

"Well, mebbe oi am higher than youze, but phwat yez mane by Higher Critic, phwat's thim now?"

"Oi don't know exactly jist aal they belayve, but they're somethin' terrible, oi guess. They think that whin Saint Paul told the womin to kape still in churruch he was writin' to the Corinthian women sivilal hundhred years ago an' not to Frances Willard an' the W. C. T. U.

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## HIGHER CRITICS

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Aal thim Protestants are Higher Critics Mary. Us Catholics don't have no women spaykin' in churruch. Didn't the Pope say they mustn't ayven sing in the choirs? Yez see, women bein' the wayker vessel, as Saint Paul—

"The phwat, Mat Hogan" says Mary.

Mat caught the menace in her voice and eye, and replied half-apologetically.

"It wan't me as said it, 'twas Saint Paul caaled youze wayker vessels."

"Wayker vessel am oi, Mat Hogan" says Mary, making a dive fer Mat.

"Oi'l show yez some practical thayology, yez pug-nosed chatterbox, if oi git my hands on yez." Mat had suspected she was losing her temper and was prepared to get out of the door before she gave him his lesson in "practical thayology." He knew better than to put her "weakness" to the test.

Coming back into the kitchen, Mary finished the dishes, looking out of the corner of one eye every moment for Mat to return. But when she had completed

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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all her work in the kitchen and no Mat had shown up, she began to fear that he had gone as far as Flanigan's back door, which she too well knew would be open for Sunday customers.

"Poor Mat" moans Mary softly. "Mebbe oi was too harrud on him, probly he was only jollyin' me. It's been tough worruk fer him to kape away from the buys at Flanigan's fer two wakes. Oi orter raymembered. An' now if he gits agoin' to-day he won't git to worruk to-morrow. An' it'll be liver fer Thanks-givin', shure, or thripe. An' oi was countin' on turrkey for the kids fer wanct."

In the hope that Mat moight soon be back, however, Mary determined to make some fried cakes of which Mat could never get too many.

It was not long after this that Mat stole quietly up to the back door. He had been only a door or two away, waiting for Mary to cool off and, getting into conversation with Bill Callahan, had not noticed the rapid flight of time.

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## HIGHER CRITICS

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"Mary, me swate lady" softly pleads Mat. "Mary."

Mary Hogan did not turn, though her heart leaped for joy.

"D'yez know Mary" continues Mat. "Oi think Saint Paul meant women was wayker because they forgive us men so aisy."

Mary held out a fried cake on the fork—a token of pardon. Mat took it quickly and ate it in but two or three mouthfuls, though it had hardly begun to cool.

"Oi pity Saint Paul if he didn't have anny wan to make fried cakes fer him" was Mat's comment on the "token"—a delicate compliment that was not lost on Mary.

"Oh Mat" says Mary, wiping her eyes with her apron. "Oi was afraid oi had drove yez to Flanigan's by me bein' ugly. Fergive me, won't yez Mat Hogan, that's a gude man."

So woman, as ever, having had her own way, gives in and prays for forgiveness, and acknowledges herself the "weaker vessel."

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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"But Mat Hogan, where did yez hear about thim hired crickets yez was tellin' me about?" says Mary, eager to redeem herself in Mat's eyes, and to find out what he had in his mind.

"Higher critics Mary. Yez don't git that straight" corrects Mat. "Oi larned about thim at a strate praychin' down town the other noight. 'Twas rale interestin'. Me an' Tough Donovan was agoin' strate down an' we run onto a Salvashun Arrumy crowd on the corner av Washin'ton an' Second. They was singin' gude an' hearty, so we stopped an' tuk it in.

"Afther the singin', wan av the guys wid the uniforrum on, he gits out in the middle av the strate so's aal cud hear him plain, an' rades from the Bible about the young feller what got sick av' home an' bein' gude an' got the ole man to give him a lot av cash an' off he beat it fer a gay toime on the Great White Way havin' his own way an' sowin' his wild oats. Bymeby his money give out an'

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## HIGHER CRITICS

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it wan't long bayfore he was shure down an' out. Afther a whoile he gits mighty sick av the game an' when aal his fair weather friends goes back on him, he has to go an' git anny job he can grab onter to kape from starvin'. Finally he comes to, an' he says to himself, he says, 'Oi've ben a wicked, ongrateful fool, an' oi ain't got no roight to ate at the ole man's table, (oi'd be glad to git thim husks the hogs is eatin') but oi'm goin' to make a clean breast av the whole miserable business, tell him oi'm sorry an' offer to sleep in the barrun, an' worruk fer me board an' clothes if he'll gimme a job on the old farrum.'

"So back he hikes it barefoot an' ragged, an' whin he gits about a moile from home the ole gintlemin sees him an' starruts on the run fer to say he's glad to see him back.

"'Fayther' says the lad, 'oi'm nothin' but a useless, sinful hobo,' he says 'an' oi'm ashamed to show up, but oi'm homesick an' oi've got aynuff av this



wickedness, an' oi wondher will yez jist give me a job an' let me be wan av the hellup?'”

“‘Give yez a job, me buy’ says the ole man, ‘No, oi won’t, oi’ll give yez some clothes an’ a ring an’ somethin’ to ate an’ we’ll have a parruty, because yez back again. It’s most busted our hearts, son, that ye’ve ben away. Gee, but it’s been lonesome widout yez.’”

“Say that’s a great story, Mary, oi wondher why Fayther Ryan don’t rade it instid av mumblin’ that Latin gibberish no wan understhands. It’s aal so plain how God loves us an’ is sorry an’ misses us when we run away from home.”

“An’ wan’t there no praste nor nobody to beg the fayther to be gude to the boy an’ fergive him an’ love him, in the story, Mat?” asks Mary.

“Niver a praste, Mary” replies Mat, “the ole fayther jist fell on the buy’s neck an’ kissed him he was that glad to see him an’ so anxious to fergive him an’ git him back home again. Mary, d’yer

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## HIGHER CRITICS

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suppose the prastes wud lose their jobs if the gude Fayther in heaven shud forgive us firrust hand widout anny middleman's profits?"

"Matthew, Matthew, don't ivir let Fayther Ryan hear yez say that," cautions Mary.

"Oh no, oi won't Mary, but oi cudn't hellup wondherin'.

"Well, afther that story," continues Mat, "the feller that was tellin' it, he says, 'Oi uster be a reg'lar ole soak,' he says. 'Cudn't no man bate me dhrinkin' whiskey. Oi was as low down as anny man iver was, dhrinkin', cussin', gamblin' lyin', stealin' an' aal sorruts av divilmint.

"But wan noight oi came to myself an' oi says oi'll arise an' go to me fayther's home. An' belayve me, men, God forgive me an' tuk away the taste fer rum an' he kapes me clane an' straight ivery day.'

"Thin a half a dozen men aal told what God had done fer thim, an' how whin they uster be wicked, carousin',

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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woife baytin', gamblin', lofin', stealin', cheatin', lyin' bums, the gude Fayther hadn't hated thim, but loved thim so much that He sint His Son to save thim an' bring thim back home. An' iviry man av thim says 'If He done it fer me He will do it fer youze, because oi was the lowest down a man cud be.' Iviry man said he was the worrust sinner iver was, an' oi guess it's thrue, fer whin a man sees how bad he is, he's shure no man can't be no worse.

"'Now come on min'" they said to us. "'Betther begin tonoight to lade a different loife. Come back home an' own up yer've ben wicked sinners an' begin to live loike God's child wid the Saviour's hellup. Come on an' join the procession'."

"Then they starruted fer their maytin' hall wid the band a playin' an' the men an' women singin' 'He will save youze. He will save youze.' Oi looked at Toughy an' he looks at me an' he says 'Mat' says he 'oi'm goin' over. Come on.'

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## HIGHER CRITICS

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"Oi didn't know phwat Fayther Ryan wud say, but oi seen Toughy was faylin' loike there was some hope fer him an' oi says to mesel', 'he can't be anny worrus than he is, an' mebbe the Lorrud will fergive him an' save him straight off the bat widout askin' the praste cud He do it.' D'yer suppose the Lorrud iver does fergive payple widout official hellup, Mary?"

"Oi don't know Mat, Fayther Ryan says yez can't be fergive only through the churruch," answers Mary.

"But ain't ivery Christian give a chance to hellup save men? Oi shud think God wud be glad to have Protestants an' Catholics aal on the job," says Mat.

"But it wudn't be reg'lar an' how wud the churruch be supporruted?" is Mary's unsatisfactory reply.

"Oi didn't know that was phwat the churruch was fer, to be supporruted. Oi thought it was fer to hellup payple," responds Matthew.

"But we're gittin' off the track Mary. Oi was tellin' yez about Tough Donovan.

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*HOGAN AND HOGAN*

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We wint along to the haal an' they had some more singin' an' prayin' an' spaykin' there. An' say that was some singin' too. That ain't no chape choir down to the Cathedral, but that Salvashun Arumy gang shure put it aal over thim—no Latin chants that kape yez quiet an' wondherin' phwat it's aal about an' tryin' to fale religious, but aal the payple singin' 'Jesus saves' just as if He did an' they knowed it, an' 'What a friend we have in Jesus 'like as if they had, an' 'Crown Him, Crown Him,' just loike they meant to, an' 'I nade Thee every Hour' as though they did an' wanted Him to hellup. Ah, Mary, Mary, that's the koind av singin' that gits past yer ears an' down inter yer heart. Can't ever nothin' stop thim fellers as long as they sing phwat they've proved instid av bein' hired to sing pious worruds an' skyhootin' music.

"Afther he'd ben taalkin' a whoile, the feller that towld us about the Probable Son, he says somethin' about some payple don't belayve the Bible. Thin he wint

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## HIGHER CRITICS

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on to tell how yez must belayve ivir-thing he did about the Bible or yez wan't safe. He shure did lay in fer thim higher critics oi was tellin' yez about an' he seemed aalmost to enjoy whaackin' thim over the head an' tellin' where they was goin'. Oi got rale interested in thim an' fergot about Toughy fer a whoile, an' whin oi looked at his face afther a whoile oi thought he wus goin' to faint away, he did look that sick.

“ ‘Mat’ he said, an’ oi ain’t fergot the look av despair he had on. ‘Mat, oi thought there was some hope fer me, but he says oi’ve got to belayve ivir-thing in the Bible the way he does or oi can’t be saved.’ ”

“Well, don’t yez? oi asks him.

“ ‘Mebbe oi do’ he answers me, “ ‘But oi don’t know me Bible very well an’ suppose oi found oi didn’t belayve roight, thin oi wudn’t be saved wud oi?’ ”

“Oi didn’t know how to answer him, so oi wiggles me finger to wan av the fellers wid the cap on an’ he comes over. Oi

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*HOGAN AND HOGAN*

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towld him phwat was the matter, so he takes howld an' thries to hellup out.

"'Me dear man'" he says, "'if yez don't belayve about Jonah an' the whale bein' history an' not poetry how can yez belayve about the Probable Son? They're both in the same book. If yez belayve wan yez must belayve the other.'"

"Oi don't see that" puts in Mary.

"Nayther did oi" confesses Mat, "but that's phwat he said, an' that's why ye're a higher critic."

"There was a feller in the next sate that heard thim taalkin' an' oi guess he was a higher critic, too, cause he butts in loike he was kinder mad an' says 'Look here,' he says 'God loves yez whether Jonah swallowed a whale or a sardine an' Jesus will save yez if yer'll let Him. If yer boss wroites yez that yer wages is raised yez don't rayfuse to take it cause yez don't know where the paper was made an' whether they was union men, do yez?'"

"Well, firrust thing yer know thim two

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## HIGHER CRITICS

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fellers was argufyin' wid each other fer fair, an' afther about ten minutes Toughey says to me 'Come on Mat, less go.'"

"So out we wint, an' had wan more dhrink an' oi came home.'

"An' didn't Toughey git saved?" asks Mary.

"No, he got dhrunk agin an' left thim debatin'" answers Mat.

"Which wan d'yer think was roight Mat?" inquires Mary.

"Oi don't know an' don't care a tink-er's cuss, Mary Hogan, which was roight. Oi know they let Toughey git away. Phwat they want to mix him up fer? He nayded the blissed Saviour, an' he had a gude view av Him an' thin they kicked up the dust an' shut Him out av soight.

"Oi guess it's gude fer a man to belayve annything that's throe an' not to belayve phwat ain't so. But if it is God as saves us oi don't see what they want to quarrel about an' make men think they can't be gude Christians an' can't foller the Master if they wants to, if they



don't belayve phwat some wan else belayves they orter belayve."

"Yez don't mane that they raley quarrel, do yez Mat" inquires Mary.

"Don't oi! Ask Fayther Ryan if oi don't. Oi asked him the other noight about thim higher critics an' he got aal-most purruple in the face wid the violence av his rage. 'They be blasphemous, on-godly heretics' he says. 'Didn't they bust up the church whin Marrutin Luther got to sayin' that God did business on the 'Factory to User' plan wid no retailin' av pardons an' salvashun at auction prices? An' now', he says 'the Modernists in the Catholic Churruch an' the Noo Thayologians in the Protestant churruch airgo'in' to make payple very unorthodox.'"

"Phwat's unorthodox mean, Mat Hogan?" from Mary.

"Why, it's not belayvin' phwat ivery wan belayves yez ought to."

"Now Mat Hogan quit yer mixin' me aal up an' tell me straight phwat is a higher critic?" pleads Mary.

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## HIGHER CRITICS

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"Well Mary," replies Mat, "These higher critic fellers is aal from Missouri. Whin they reads annything whether it's in the Bible or the Ladies' Home Journal they says: 'Who said it? When did he say it? Where did he say it? Who did he say it to? Why did he say it? Who said he said it? Phwat did he say?' So they says that when wan man says 'Be not righteous overmuch' or another 'Take a little wine fer yer stomick's sake' and another 'Come unto me aal ye that labor an' are heavy laden', there's a diffirence, they says.

"Why av coorse there is Mat Hogan, wudn't anny fool know that?" says Mary.

"Shure, an' that's why ivirybody's a higher critic only they don't know it," replies Mat. "Some av thim is so sleepy that they don't wake up aynuff to know they're it; others are 33rd degree wans that go the length an' don't do nothin' else; an' some are just plain Blue Lodge wans that are satisfied wid dalin' wid the women spaykin' in matin' an' shall the

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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women wear gold bracelets or a poke bonnet. Now oi figger it this way: when me Sunday School taycher uster tell me to be aalways honest an' tell the truth, oi knew that was gude advice, an' oi ain't lost no faith in thim principles since oi foun' out that she was only human hersel'.

“Whin the Bible tells me that God loves me an' will save me from sin an' hellup me to live roight, me business is to let Him do it, an' it don't change it at aal whether oi belayve Roobin Torrey's explanashun av how Moses wrote the account av his own funeral or Lyman Ab-bitt's. Why don't men be satisfied to let God spake through His trumpet to men's souls, instid av tellin' men to look close an' see whether the horrun is gold or only tin? It's the voice we nade to hear, Mary Hogan, an' anny man that'll listen roight an' do phwat God tells him when he hears naydn't worry. A gude horrun is better'n a poor wan an' the more we examine the more gold we will

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## HIGHER CRITICS

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foind in this Bible horrun, oi do belayve;  
an' the betther the material the clearer  
the voice sounds; but the Voice, that's  
the main thing, ain't it?

"But Mat Hogan, d'yez think that  
Saint Paul—

"See here, Mary Hogan," replies Mat-  
thew not waiting for the question to be  
finished. "Hand me wan more av thim  
fried cakes will yez? Class in thayol-  
ogy is dismissed."



## CHAPTER X

### THE HEATHEN AT HOME

"Mary Hogan, yez ain't the only wan that iver mates a misshunary" says Matthew Hogan as he opens up conversation after supper on the day of his return from an extended absence on a big bridge job. "Oi met up wid wan meself yistherday on me way down home."

"Is that so, now, an' do tell me about it," says Mary, all attention.

"Well, yez see, on the train the other day, I got into a seat with a rale sinsible lookin' gintlemin. He didn't advertise his rayligion by his collar; and as I didn't take him fer a saint and he didn't take me fer a sinner, we got into a verry interestin' conversation before I found out that he was a minister.

"After we had talked for a whoile about the weather and the crops and yesterday's baseball score and the high cost of livin', oi asks him what he does when he worruks. He catches me little plesanthree and he

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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says it ain't popularly supposed that such men as him iver worruk, for plainly speakin' he was a misshunary.

"Well, now, oi thought he was jollyin' me in rayturn for me impidence, but when oi got me breath wance more oi gasps out, 'An' how did such a choice beef as you escape a Fiji Fricassee?' "

"He sees the incredoolity in me countenance, so he gives me another wan. 'Oh,' he says, 'Oi am a missionary here in Noo Yorrk State.'

" 'The saints praysarve us,' oi says, thinkin' oi'd get even wid him on that joke. 'An' are ye headed fer Tammany Ha-al to convert thim haythen?'

" 'No,' he answered, 'Oi'm just goin' home after nursin' a churruch for three months.'

" 'Heart disease or bad liver?' asks oi verry sympathetic like.

" 'Both,' he says, 'A little hardenin' av the heart, several bad livers, a stiff neck and difficulty in coughing up enough money to pay the minister!'

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## HEATHEN AT HOME

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"Well, now, Mary, oi thought oi had either struck someone most as smarrut as meself with the chances favorin' him in the opinion av an impartial judge, or that wan av us was goin' crazy.

"Oi looks at him, an' he looks so sensible still that oi knowed it must be me that was goin' crazy. So oi give in oi was beat and tries to turn the conversation into another channel.

" 'Oh, he says in a minute,' you think oi'm foolin'. Oi am a misshunary. Don't yez know we need misshunaries in this state as well as in Africy?' says he. An' thin he goes on, Mary Hogan, an' gives me such a line on the great Impire State that oi began to wish oi was a Minister meself. 'D'yez know,' he says, 'that wan man out of iviry ten in this great raypublic lives in Noo Yorruck State? and more than wan half of thim live in the cities?' Thin he told me how manny thousand young min ivery year get tired follerin' the plow and milkin' cows in the rooral districts an' come to the cities



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*HOGAN AND HOGAN*

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where they can run electhric caars, an' how manny chances there are for thim to go to the divil fer foive cents. Thin he painted me a dismal pickchure of the rooral districts where young people can go to the divil for nawthin'.

" 'An' if they have nayther money nor rayligion that's where they'll go,' says me friend. 'So,' he says, 'we must all do our parrut to make country life as full of joy and righteousness as it is of buugs and green graass; and to make the city as good as it is big an' as safe as it is bootiful.'

"Now, oi thought to meself, Hogan, that's pretty good preachin', you better hear some more, so oi let him go it. An' where d'ye think he landed me nixt? We was just comin' in sight of Albanny and he points to that magnificent collection of stone steps and red roof an' graft, an' he says to me says he, 'See that Capitol? Yez think that's where our wise legislators make the larws that govern this great State. That's whare ye're dreamin'' he says, 'They jist work the machin-

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## HEATHEN AT HOME

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ery and raycord the larws up there. See that feller three seats ahead av us,' he says, 'Twinty years ago he was a dirty faced, barefoot youngster up in the little town of Grassville. No churruch there, half the people niver saw the insoide of a churruch. When he grew up they sent him to Albanny to help make the larws.

" 'Now whin dacent citizens go up to beg the privilege of votin' rum out av their city, what does a man brought up widout Christiaan ideels say to thim? Why he jist asks Tammany what to do an' that charitable institooshun says—Majority rule is a counthree idee, it says, aided and abetted by Protestant democracy. If yez live in a city, majorities don't count, ye've got to have saloons whether yez want thim or not. An' whin the free and independent assembly convenes, after enough members from rum soaked cities and towns have got their orders, we are told, No local option this year. I don't wonder they call it an Ass-embly, says me friend, instead of a House of Riprisintatives.' "

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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“ ‘An’ so yez see’ says he, ‘We can’t afford to let these childer in little places grow up widout rayligion anny more than we can afford to let our voters grow up widout larnin’ to rade an’ wroite. Rayligion is jist as important’ he says ‘as rithmetic. Anny fool can count phwat he gits fer his vote, but it takes rayligion to kape wan from bein’ fer sale.

“ ‘An’ that’s why they have misshunaries in this state, Mary Hogan. Mebbe taint so romantic as in Indy or Japan, or Africy, but they can’t afford to naglect it.

“ ‘It’s phwat yez caal the haythen at home’, he says ‘an’ oi guess if we don’t attind thim they’ll attind to us.’ ”

“Verry gude Matthew” says Mary. “Yez larned yer lesson well. Looks as if there was somethin’ ter do fer the churruch ivirywhere, don’t it? Kape on an’ this will be quoite a misshunary headquarters. We moight git some carruds printed: HOGAN AND HOGAN

5 Arcady Place

*Misshunary Headquarters”*

## CHAPTER XI

### ABSENTEE FATHERHOOD

"Flanigan" says Mat Hogan, as he lays down the morning paper he had been perusing in Jim's thirst emporium for over an hour, "Oi see they've convicted a whole bunch av min in Illinoy fer croo-elty to children."

"Yez don't say, Hogan" responds Flanigan. "An' phwat did they aal do? An' did they sind thim to the penitenshiary or let thim off wid a fine?"

"It wan't a rale legal convicshun, Jim, jist phwat yez' caal a moral wan. An' they don't sind payple to prison on thim kind av convicshuns. But oi guess if the truth was towld it wud be that lots av men wud rather be in Sing Sing than in the same cell wid their memories," answers Hogan.

"It's loike this out there in Illinoy," he continues. "They have discovered that most wan third av aal the buys brought into the Police Court are the

childer av business an' professional min that ain't got no toime to look afther their buys. Yes sir, in this great an' glorious counthree an' in this wonderfool twintieth cintury we are so busy makin' money to leave to our childer that we fergit to hellup make the childer fer to leave it to.

"Yez know, Flanigan, how mooch divilmint there is aal around, an' this here paper says that anny wan that'll practice absentee faytherhood on his buys is guilty av crooelty to children.

"There's Biglow, the prisidint av the Bridge Worruks, now, he's the stuff fer me. Oi heard that he towld ole J. P. that he cudn't take the prisidincy av the Trust because he'd have to be away from home more'n half av the toime. An' he's wan av thim ole fashioned guys phwat thinks a fayther's place is at home some av the toime. No absentee faytherhood fer his'n.

"Why, is their mother dead?" questions Flanigan.

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## ABSENTEE FATHERHOOD

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"No, praise the Lorrud, she ain't," replies Hogan. "But d'yer think a woman can bring up childer' aal alone?"

"Moine did," answers Flanigan.

"Yes, an' perhaps if your ole man hadn't left it aal fer her to do, yez moightn't be sellin' rum—"

"Phwat's that yez say?" breaks in Flanigan with some heat.

"Oh, don't be so sinsitive, Jim," says Hogan. "If oi was as thin skinned as youze are, oi'd quit sellin' whiskey to take the smoiles out av the mothers' faces an' the clothes offen the kids' backs, an' buy a merry-go-round to make the buys an' girruls have a gude toime."

"Well, does this ninny think that if he stays at home some more he'll get a guarantee that his kids will be saints? He must have a moighty opinion av himsil'," retorts Flanigan.

"No he ain't so grane as aal that," replies Hogan. "But he knows that if he skidoos from his dooty he says to his childer', he says, 'Go to the devil fer aal

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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av me.' An' suppose they shud take the invitashun, how d'yer think he'd fale?"

"That's so, Mat, that's so," replied Flanigan, hanging his head and looking vacantly at the floor. After a moment he continued with the trace of a break in his voice: "Mebbe it's just as well that Danny died whin he was foive years ole. Oi thought me hearrut wud break whin he said 'Gude bye daddy,' an' closed his little eyes an' niver woke up again. But mebbe it's betther. He moight have taken the invitashun av me business instid av the warnin' av me worruds. Oh, God," groans Flanigan, his head in his hands, "Why didn't yez take me too?"

Hogan didn't break in on the journey of the sorrowing Flanigan back to that sad bedside of a quarter of a century ago. In a few minutes Mike Corcoran came in fer his ten o'clock "cooler." After he had gone out again, Flanigan sat silent a moment or two and then said quietly:

"Me fayther was a gude man, Hogan. He nivir drank an' he nivir sold whiskey.

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*A B S E N T E E F A T H E R H O O D*

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Oi wunder why he didn't chum wid me instid av lavin' me to grow up wid the Arcady Place gang av toughs."

"Perhaps he didn't think av it, Jim," replied Matthew.

"Mebbe not, Mat. But oi wisht he had."

"Oi wisht he had," he repeats slowly and sits silent again for a moment or two, then adds, "Say, but that Biglow is a woise man, belayve me, An oi hope his childer 'll do him proud."

"Oi hope they will," says Matthew.





## CHAPTER XII

### A MINIMUM WAGE

"Oi see by the paper that the praychers are goin' to form a labor union" remarks Matthew Hogan to his worthy frau as he looks up from the evening paper and re-lights his pipe.

"Well, oi shud think they'd bettther. Phwat they goin' to do, labor or be united?" replies Mary, who takes special delight in "jollyng" Matthew on some of his Protestant friends.

"Oh now, don't git funny, Mary Hogan," replies Matthew. "If yez think ministers don't worruk yer've got ay-nother guess comin'. Oi've noticed that whin a man sits at a desk aal day an' writes letthers an' bosses a factory he's supposed to be worrukin' his head off, but if he sits in a study or visits the sick an' comforts the mournin' an' hellups the needy he's supposed to be havin' a snap. Some payple think that aal the worruk a minister does is on Sunday,

whin he prayches. Some av thim orter foller wan av the praychers round fer a wake an' see how about it. Oi suppose some praychers do have snaps, that's a fact. Oi guess it aal depends on the man, same's in ivirying else."

"Yes, oi guess ye'r roight, Mat" Mary assents. "Oi was only foolin'. Oi guess it's as harrud worruk feedin' the souls av min as feedin' their bodies. Annyway if oi was choosin' somethin' aisy oi wudn't pick out the minister's loife, not mooch. But phwat about their labor union?"

"This here 'Worruld' says that the churruch is goin' to establish a minimum wage," replies Matthew. "Ain't that the shure sign av a labor union? An' oi shud think they wud have a union too. How can they ivir expect to git high aynuff wages if iviry man has to bargain wid iviry churruch fer the amount? Phwat show has a man to do annything wid a churruch aal alone, whin there's a hundhred other praychers ready to take the job at a lower figger than he can afforrud? No, sir, if

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## *THE MINIMUM WAGE*

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iviry man sets his proice an' iviry churruch sets its proice, phwat yez goin' to do about it, oi don't see. Oi tell yez that if these praychers wud set their figger an' aal stick to it an' not go cuttin' proices, sayin' they'd come fer a hundhred dollars less, they'd git phwat they want. They orter have a sthrike fer wanst an' say they wudn't go back to worruk till they got roight tratement. Thin ye'd see."

"Mebbe yez know somethin' about phwat yer taalkin' about an' mebbe yez don't Mat Hogan" says Mary. "But phwat does the paper say they waant?"

"It says that wan av these Protestant churruches daycided at its state maytin's to thry an' see that iviry pastor shud git at least six hundhred dollars an' house rint fer his wages."

"Six hundhred dollars yez say," asks Mary. "That's over sivin thousand a year. Oi'd loike to be a minister at that proice."

"Oh you loon, it's six hundhred a year, not a month," says Matthe

"Is that so now?" says the astonished Mary. "Well perhaps they can git along, not bein' allowed to marry loike sinsible min."

"They do marry," asserts Matthew. "Siviral toimes, some av thim, though not all to wanst. These Protestant ministers ain't no bachelor gang, not mooch. They ain't no prastes."

"An' who supports their wives an' childer' thin?" inquires Mary.

"They do thimselves, av coorse," replies Matthew. "An' kape a horse bay-sides. But oi have heard av ministers' kids goin' to bed widout full stomicks an' ministers most breakin' their hearts cause they cudn't git a noo dress fer the woife, an' goin' most crazy cause they got into debt wid sickness an' hard luck in the family. Oh yes, lots av payple think six hundhred is big wages whin they don't have to live on it thimselves."

"On six hundhred a year?" says Mary. "Well, well. No wonder yez niver hear av thim braakin' the spade laaws wid

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## *THE MINIMUM WAGE*

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their automobiles, or dyin' av the gout. But oi suppose books are chape annyway, so they can git plenty av thim."

"Not bein' a literary man, oi don't know very well," says Matthew. "But oi guess they'd have to be chape fer thim to buy manny, onless the childer' wore iron shoes that wud last foriver."

"Well, Mat Hogan, oi'm glad yez ain't a minimum minister" Mary continues. "It's harrud aynuff gittin' along on yer three dollars a day an' phwat oi git fer washin' an' scrubbin'. Av coorse oi know don't anny av their money go inter Tim Flanigan's cash register fer whiskey, an' that wud make some diffrunce."

"Ah, Mary, don't rub it in" pleads Mat. "Oi ain't ben to Flanigan's fer a wake."

"That's so, Mat, that's so" says Mary. "An' yer doin' foine lately, man. An' say Mat, if ye'd only cut it out aal-ter-gither, oi'd live on six hundhred a year an' be happy. There's some things better than money an' oi guess the minimum praychers an' their woives know it."



## CHAPTER XIII

### MAT HOGAN GOES TO SUNDAY SCHOOL

“Mat Hogan, where yez ben kaypin’ yersel’ all this blissid long hour? Ain’t yez ashamed to kape dinner waitin’ an’ the kids most starvin’ an’ the food aal cold? Yez ain’t ben loafin’ roun’ at that Jim Flanigan’s agin, have yez? Yez ought to—”

Mary Hogan came to a sudden stop. For her it was so sudden that Matthew burst out laughing fit to split his sides. For just as Mary had got wound up to give him a “cordial welcome” and to serve him a choice slice of her mind to practice his digestion on before he tackled the roast that had been waiting him for an hour past, she discovered a look on Mat’s face which her quick mind grasped at once as a token that all was well in spite of his lateness, and that if given a chance Mat could give an account of himself which would not be a discredit



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*MAT HOGAN*

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to him nor bear out her suspicions. Her surprise and sudden stop had left her with eyes and mouth wide open—a sight so rare that her husband could only let the smile which had started the unusual incident expand and explode into a genuine “all wool and a yard wide” laugh at her expense.

“Ben to Sunday School, Mary,” was Mat’s laconic reply.

“Phwat the—phwat’s that yez say, yer crazy galoot; to Sunday School? Phwat’s yez ben larnin’, to shoot craps or to say the twelve apostles? Come now quit yer kiddin’. Where yez ben?”

“Hope to die, Mary Hogan, oi’ve ben to Sunday School. Now listen me child, an’ oi’ll tell yez. Only youze betther all set down an’ start yer dinner-mills to worruk before oi begin, or youze moight be hungry before oi get through.”

It took but a moment for every Hogan to get his “dinner-mill to worruk.”

“Yez see,” continues Matthew, “when oi come out from churruch, me and Tim

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*AT SUNDAY SCHOOL*

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Murphy, we walked down by that Baptis' meetin'-house on the little side strate near the parruk. Well, oi didn't notice where we was when all to wanst we seen a sign over a door that stood open roight onto the soidewalk an' a stream av men goin' in just loike there was somethin' gude insoide. Tim began to read it. Tim ain't no collige graduate yez know, an' raydin' fast ain't exactly his sthrong point. He stood there an' began spellin' out B-A-R. When he got that far he seemed to git thirrusty loike an' didn't notice whether there was anny more on the soign or not. But he says to me, says he, 'Come on Mat, here's a place open fer famished travelers, let's have a bracer. Oi don't know whose bar it is, but we'll soon foind out.' Oi didn't wait to be invoited a second toime, oi was that thirrusty, an' it bein' Saint Pathrick's Day, an' in we both went fer to git a dhrink. But, the saints presarve us! where d'yez think we had landed?"

"In jail prob'ly, where youze both be-

long, behoind the barrs,” answered Mary, who hadn’t yet cooled down sufficiently to appreciate the story.

“No, not yit me dearie. Soon’s we got insoide the door up comes a feller wid a Rosenfelt smoile on his face an’ says to us, says he, ‘Marnin’ frinds, deelighted to see youze men here. Foine day ain’t it? Was youze in churruch this marnin’? Hope youze will enjoy the class an’ come agin.’

“‘Phwat class?’ says oi, innocent loike a lamb.

“Oi seen oi had stuck me foot into it all roight when oi says this, but he turruned it rale nate by sayin’,

“‘Why the firrust class’ he says, an’ hands me a little carrud to soign me name onto that had printed on the top av it ‘Baraca Class First Babtis’ Churruch.’

“Oi looked at Tim, an’ Tim looked at me, an’ bein’ as we didn’t want to adver-tize our mistake too conspicuous, he says quiet loike to me, an’ oi says in

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concert to him 'We're here because we're here' an' we set down before annyone else should spot us."

"When we got our breath an' found where we had landed, oi says to Tim, says oi, 'Are yez game Tim?' an' Tim says back, says he, 'Oi am the same' says he. So we stays on the job to see phwat wud happen nixt. An' phwat did happen nixt? Why, the head guy av the bunch,—the president av the class they caaled him,—sings out, 'Fellers, we have wid us to-day Mr. Matthew Hogan and Mr. Timothy Murphy. Oi hope youze'll make thim fale to home.'

"An' did they, phwat? Well now they give us the glad hand fer fair, oi'll bet yez wan dollar more men shook my hand than iver grabbed Teddy Rosenfelt's at a White House rayception; annyway it seemed so. They had phwat they caaled a Baraca shake—not a milk shake, nor a wishy-washy milk an' water shake—but a ginooine 'put her roight there' hand-shake. Wan man starruts at the

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*MAT HOGAN*

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end an' grabs the paw av the feller next to him, an' then the next wan an' so on, an' number two starruts on his trail as soon as he's got to number three, an' so the whole bunch gits to shakin' ivery man's hand in the crowd.

"Oi thought that whin they seen the map on me face they'd tell me oi got inter the wrong pew. But niver a word. No, sor, 'twas 'How d'yez do, Mr. Hogan.' 'Glad to see yez, Mr. Hogan.' 'Come agin, frind'. 'Hope yez will loike our class.' 'Make yersell to home.' 'Wudn't yez loike to join us?' an' so forth an' so on.

"There was about two hundhred an' fifty min in the room, oi guess, an' afther the handshakin' oi raymarruks to the man next to me, oi says, 'Oi didn't know so many full grown men iver went to Sunday School' says oi.

"Oi raygretted me indiscrate raymar-ruk purty quick though, fer the feller turruned on me almost mad loike an'

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says, says he 'Why, phwat yez think this is annyway, a baby game? Youze think it's more manly an' grand to sit round a club room an' read about Mutt an' Jeff an' tell shady stories an' see who can spit the fartherest an' hit a fly wid terbaccer jooce, than to come inter a clane room loike this an' have a gude toime larnin' somethin' that will make yez bether men an' decenter citizens? An' yez will foind that no man's anny worse fer havin' ben to Sunday School to-day. An' yez can't say that fer some av yer clubs an' booze joints.'

"That made me think av Jim Flanigan's Place an' oi had to admit that he was spaykin' roight. Oi didn't belayve as oi looked over that gang av men that anny little kid wud have to go hungry or cold this wake because his daddy had ben to the Sunday School. An' oi cudn't say that about the men oi'd seen at Jim's Place manny the toime. So oi says to him 'Pardon me, frind, oi didn't mane no offense. But it's a long toime

since oi was in Sunday School an' oi wus surprised.'

" 'Yes', he answers me rale koind an' reconciled now, 'Yes, there are lots av men just loike youze who haven't ben to churruch an' Sunday School fer so long, they think nobody iver goes anny more. But oi tell youze phwat, if youze want to foind the best men an' women in the city on a Sunday, youze'll foind more av thim in the churruch than in anny other wan place. An' oi tell youze this, too, gintlemin,' he says, 'it wud be a sorry day fer this counthry if we gave the churruch an' Sunday School the go-by.'

" 'Look at phwat this says now,' says he, takin' out a slip av paper from his pocket. 'Oi clipped it outen a daily paper yesterday mornin'. Youze take that home an' rade it when youze have toime.' Here it is Mary, read it, will yez, whoile oi stoke up a little wid this foine dinner."

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Mary took the newspaper clipping and read the following sentiment slowly and not without some difficulty, while the additional time it took for Katie to get her glasses and for Mary to wipe and adjust them gave Matthew a good opportunity to sample the dinner he had been guilty of "spoiling" by his lateness. It was an advertisement inserted in one of the Saturday papers by the churches of the city:

"The harrudest thing we have to do" read Mary, "is not to make a livin', but to live roight, to raysist temptation, do our worruk faithful, bear our throubles bravely an' be onselfish an' lovin'. Wid-out rayligion man has never ben content to live. Wid rayligion his hopes are boundless. The churruch exists to promote true rayligion. Go to churruch termorrow."

"Thank yez, Mary, yez are quoitte a scholar; yer brogue shows where yez was borrun as much as yer face does, but yez got the meanin' plain enough."



"Yez don't say, Mr. Professor, an' where did yez git that brogue yez carry round wid ye? Is it phwat yez caal indigenous to yer soil or did yez pick it up?" retorts Mary.

"Indigenous" rather stumped Matthew, so he made courteous retreat by continuing his Sunday School report:

"But don't yez think we cud have ray-ligion widout churruches?" says oi.

"'Yes we cud, aal roight, oi suppose' he answers, 'but we wudn't, very long, anny more than we'd have education widout schools.'

"'Number Eighty-tree' sings out a young feller up near the pyaner.

"That was the signal fer a song that they aal tuk hold av an' sung loike they meant it. 'Twant no Latin chant yez listened to the choir sing an' wondered phwat twas aal about, an' most went to slape over, but a rale, plain English song every body cud make a noise on.

"That song was 'Hold the Fort' an' before they sung it the leader he says to

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the men, says he, 'Sometoimes youze fellers gets some pretty harrud knocks, an' it looks like the devil wud get youze on the run. But youze just raymimber, boys,' he says 'to hold the old fort av yer hearrut against aal the arrmies av sin fer God is sendin' reenforcements an' Jesus the Captain av yer salvation is caalin' out 'Hold on there, ole man, oi'm a comin'.'

"Afther that they sang some more an' got their jaws well limbered up an' their faces goin' east an' west an' everybody feelin' gude. Then they had a prayer by a feller that taalked to God jist loike He was on the job siven days a wake an' wud hellup a man anny toime he needed it. Oi've koinder had the notion, Mary Hogan, that God was jist fer confessin' sins to. But this here lad carried the idee that God was interested to hellup a man live so he wudn't have so much to confess about. Seems so 'twould mane a whole lot if God wud hellup men to be gude an' do roight

instead av just makin' them do pennance fer doin' wrong, don't it? An' if this feller had it doped out roight, that's phwat He will do, too."

"Sure He will, Mat Hogan" responded Mary. "Wudn't yez rather kape Tommy from gittin' dhrunk than to thrash him fer boozin' afther he'd got jugged?"

Mary knew what would appeal to Mat for he would have given his life if necessary, for Tommy.

"Course oi wud, ain't that as plain as the nose on yer face?" replies Mat.

"Well, are yez betther than God, Mat Hogan?" Mary flashes back at him.

There was no answer to this question—indeed Mary Hogan knew how to sum up an argument or clinch a point with a rhetorical question just as well as though she were a professional rhetorician. Silence reigned for a few minutes, a silence punctuated by tokens of victory over resisting beef as knives struck plates, and by the noisy welcome given a

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saucer full of coffee as Mat opened the sluice gates to admit its inflow.

Finally Mary, fearing she had offended Mat by her question—though she might have spared herself that anxiety, for it had opened up a whole new world of possibility in Matthew's thought of God which was to find practical realization in future days—says:

"Yez ought to get a job on the noos-papers rayportin' rayligious meetins, Mat. Oi think payple moight rade the rayporruts."

"Well, yez see, me spellin' is some-toimes lame an' oi'm afraid the editor wud have me canned fer murderin' the Queen's English, too. So oi guess oi'll stick to me last. But the meetin' was worruth rayportin' aal roight. Yez don't think oi've given a full rayport yet, do yez? Oh no.

"After the prayer by this feller oi was tellin' yez about—he wasn't a praste either or a minister, but that guy that kapes the grocery an' mate shop down

on Fourth Avenoo, think av that now, him taalkin' to God roight out in meetin' loike he was telephonin' Armours to send up ten quarters av beef an' do it quick fer he wanted to use it—afther the prayer, a tall feller wid a black moustache an' an up-an'-comin' way wid him, spakes up rale smart loike an' says, says he,

“‘Is anny member av the class sick to-day, boys?’

“‘Yes, John Moran's got Pneumonia, an' he's down to the Mercy Hospital, pretty bad off, I hear,' pipes up wan man.

“‘Who'll go an' see him this afthernoon?’ says Mr. Moustache.

“‘Oi will—an' oi will—an' oi—an' oi—’ answers the men till a half-dozen had said they wud go an' wud do it now, not wait till he'd got well an' then tell him they meant to (only they didn't want to).

“‘An' Bill Dodge you ask your wife to go around to John's home an' see if the family needs annything will yez?’ adds the leader.

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“ ‘Sure thing’ rayplies Bill.

“ ‘Annywan else sick?’ says he.

“A couple av other men were rayported—wan wid a carbuncle an’ wan wid blood-poison. Some wan said he heard that the feller got a carbuncle from bunkin’ on a slaypin’ car week before last, an’ that the man wid blood-poisonin’ got it openin’ a can av salmon fer his wife—which was an awful warnin’ to aal husban’s. But another feller said that wan’t so about the carbuncle, fer if he’d got sick on a slaypin’ car he’d have Pullmonary throuble, not a bile. Oi’ll bet me hat though that it’s a case av appendicytis. Thim looked loike fellers cud afforrud to have an operation at the hospital.”

“Phwat yez givin’ us, Mat Hogan? yez think an operation is a picnic an’ that only payple that can afforrud it gits sent up fer a knifin’?” questions Mary.

“Oh no, not exactly, but oi notice they go earlier an’ git cut up more often if

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*MAT HOGAN*

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they has the wad. Rich payple are always sicker'n us poor folks. Yez can stand more pain widout dyin' if yez ain't got much money, oi guess. But Mat Hogan will never have to have his appendix extracted annyway."

"How do yez know, Mr. Woise-man?" Mary asks.

"Because a man only has wan appendix an' I have a purty distinct ricollection that Doc Galvin got moine along wid that last tooth he drawed fer me." replies Mat.

Mat's comment served to take away the last vestige of Mary's resentment over his delinquency. She gave way to unrestrained laughter, while the children barely escaped choking, Tommy on his mouthful of potato—you would have thought a rotary snow plow was at work around his plate for a moment—and the others on the food they happened to be negotiating at the instant. When peace and order had been restored, Matthew continued:

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“But whether their explanation av the causes was roight or not, they appointed men to visit thim, this afternoon.”

“‘Now boys, if there’s aany wan here that’s out av a job an’ wants hellup to git wan, youze just see the Service Committee afther class,’ says the Prisent.

“Oi don’t know just what happened next,—maybe they sung a piece—fer oi was tryin’ to get used to the idee. Oi had ben towld that the only payple that looked afther wan another when they was sick or in need was the Lodges. But oi’ll tell yez phwat, Mary Hogan,” and Mat brought his fist down on the table with a bang that threatened disaster to crockery and glassware, “Oi belayve half this doggone knockin’ av the churruch an’ rayligion is done by payple who niver go insoide av a churruch an’ don’t know anny more about phwat’s goin’ on than William Jinnings Bryan knows about the taste av a Manhattan Cocktail.

“Oi seen that Tim Murphy was lookin’



rather solomn loike besaide me, an' oi says to him, says oi, 'Tim, phwat d'yez know about that?'

" 'About phwat?' he says.

" 'The sickness an' the jobs' oi answers.

" 'Oi don't know about the sickness, but oi'd loike a job. We ain't had no worruk fer three weeks' he says.

" 'The man next to Tim overheard him say that last an' he butts in, 'Go ahead up an' see him afther class' he says.

" 'But oi ain't a member' Tim rayplies, 'Oi ain't paid no doos.'

" 'That's aal roight,' he answers, 'This is a Help Feller Club. It ain't a gang that just picks its members loike the lodges an' hellups youze only when youze pays the taxes. The churruch ain't just fer payple who've got the price, it's fer everybody, rich an' poor, down an' outs, up an' ins. The only dooes we have is that wan up on the

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wall there, friend, 'We do things.' That's our class motto.

"The next thing on the program was the lesson, an' the taycher sure larned me a thing or two to-day. 'Twas about David bein' made king av the Joos. Seems he'd ben told years before that he'd be king some day, but he wasn't wan av them fellers that thinks a king's job is just to boss payple and have a hundhred woives. He knew there'd be a whole lot av raysponsibility an' harrud worruk wid it just loike Woodenrow Wilson's got in the White House—God bless him — só he wasn't in no hurry to take the crown but just waited till the roight toime come an' done the best he could whoile he was waitin'. There was a feller named Saul who was King firrust off, but he didn't make good, an' so the Lorrud took away the job from him. He was sure aynough sorry to lose his job an' to be found out, but he wasn't so sorry because he done wrong. 'That's the way,' this here taycher said

‘wid a lot av payple to-day. They are moighty sorry to get found out, but they ain’t sorry fer the sins that got found out.’

“This taycher was some class now, belayve me, Mary Hogan. They say he is a lawyer down town in wan av thim sky-scraper buildin’s. Oi niver seen manny lawyers oi iver thought wud scrape the sky very bad thimsilves, but this sport, he certainly give thim the sthraight talk. He towld thim roight from the shoulder where to git off at if they didn’t want to live roight, and he says, says he ‘Now anny wan av youze fellers’ says he, ‘can be ayther a Saul or a David, an’ it’s up to youze which it will be. Youze naydn’t think that just because yer name is on this here class record or because youze are travelin’ in daycent company youze are all roight. Youze may be just hangin’ on to the job of tryin’ to make a go av loife, when the Lorrud has already anointed some body else who’s the roight stuff to take yer place. Some av youze fellers think ye’d

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be betther men if youze had a betther job. Nothin' to it' he says. 'If David hadn't a ben a king when he was tendin' sheep out there on the hills aal alone, he wud have fell down when he got to kingin' it up to Jeroosalum.'

"This taycher, he seemed to go ahead on the plan that the important thing fer thim men in the class to git was somethin' that wud be a hellup to thim tomorrow when they will be at worruk. 'The history av the Joos four thousand years ago is very interestin' he says, 'but the history av youze here this marnin' is most important to-day. Youze nade God if youze want to make gude.' An' so they wint on through the lesson an' firrust thing oi knowed 'twas wan o'clock an' they shut off the lesson an' sang a song an' went home.

" 'Well Tim, says oi when we got out on the strate again, how d'yez loike yer dhrink?

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*MAT HOGAN*

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“That wan’t no dhrink’ he says to me, ‘that was a bath. An’ thim boys are goin’ to git me a job termorrow, too,’ he says.

“Oi feel some cleaner meself, oi allows. Oi only hope it’ll last.”

“Last, man,” breaks in Mary, “Who ever heard av a bath lastin’? Baths don’t last, yez have to take thim roight along. An’ oi guess yez’ll foind that yez can’t get wan bath av rayligion that’ll last yez a loife toime. Not if yez live round these diggins. Yer’ll have to have many scrubbin’s bayfore yez get through. But annyway oi hope that every toime yez starrut fer a saloon ye’ll end up in a churruch, Matthew.”

“It don’t cost a man so much” Matthew remarks,—his way of capitulating to Mary without signing any articles.

“No, it don’t cost his family so much ayther,” adds Mary.

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But Matthew was busy proving that in the hands of an expert an ordinary table knife is the most capacious and efficient vehicle for transferring good mashed potato and roast beef from a full plate to an empty stomach.



## CHAPTER XIV

### "THE ORDER OF EX."

#### THE INITIATION OF A HAS BEEN

"Marnin' Matthew" was the cheerful salutation that greeted the ears of Mat Hogan on his return to the Arcady Place Club after an absence of several days. "Where yez ben kaypin' yersel'?"

"Oh oi ben up to the lodge, to a spechul maytin' at Buffalo," replies Matthew.

"What lodge yez baylong to Mat?" asks Flanigan. "The Knights av Columbus?"

"No," answers Hogan in a subdued voice. "It's the A. O. F. R. H. B."

"The which" says Jim. "What yez think this is annyway, a P-A-Y-E-X-Y-Z caar? What do thim stand fer, now?"

"Well, Jimmie, me buy, if yez won't tell nobody oi'll tell yez what they stand fer. It's agin the rooles, but thin me woife worrumed it out av me, an' oi don't waan't her to be the only wan that knows me saycrets," says Hogan.



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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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"Oh she won't be the only wan if she is wan, don't worry, Hogan. But go ahead, tell me phwat koind av a society yez baylong to," encourages Mr. Flanigan.

"It's the Ancient Order av Free an' Rayjicted Has Bens," says Matthew, almost under his breath.

"Poor man," sympathizes the tender hearted Flanigan. "Oi knew yez didn't git along wid the ole woman anny too gude but oi didn't think it wud end in the dyvorce coort."

"Go on wid yez" corrects Matthew. "Oi didn't say Husbens, but Has Bens."

"Oh, oh, is that so now, an' what is thim, Hogan? Oi'm rale glad there ain't no throuble at home—that is, no more'n usual, oi mane," continues Flanigan.

"The Has Bens, Flanigan" replies Hogan, "is the fellers that was, an' ain't. They're the usters. Our smilin' Ex-President, now, he's wan. Bromo-Sulzer, he's another. Dr. Cook he's a mimber. An' Teddy Rosenfelt sometimes baylongs an' mostly don't."

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"Quoite illustrious company yez move in, Hogan" comments Flanigan. "But ain't it betther to be an is in humbler coompany? But phwat was yez doin' down to Buffalo?"

"We was initiatin' a neophyte into the order," replies Matthew. "A feller named Mick—Mick—Mick—Mick Galupin, oi think it was."

"An oirishman eh?" puts in Flanigan. "Well they makes the best mimbers to aany orrder, except the Prohybishun par-ruty."

"No, he wudn't confiss he was Oirish, Jim" answers Hogan. Says he's an Orangeman, his mother was borrun in Paisley, Scotland, an' his fayther in Noo England. What d'yez think av that?"

"He ought to be impayched," is the ready judgment of Mr. Flanigan.

"What fer?" inquires Matthew. "Ain't no law to convict him."

"What fer? Cause he ain't wan av us, phwat else wud youze impaych a man fer? Don't nade no law to convict him. Aal

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yez nade is votes," says Mr. Flanigan.

"Well, we didn't annyway" replies Matthew. "We tuk him roight in on the ground floor, so to spake."

"Did he roide the goat aal right?" inquires Flanigan.

"We don't have no goat, Flanigan" answers Hogan. "But he said he had so many kicks agin his action that he felt as if he'd bin roidin' a motorcycle fer a month."

"Yez see" continues Hogan, "iviry man that joins the H. B.'s has to make a spaych whin he comes in. An' oi'll tell yez about this guy's spiel, if ye'll listen.

"He comes in to the lordge room where the officers were aal toggged out in their ploomes an' tinsel, an' he waalks roight up to the Gran' Exalted Magnificint Honorable Rooler, an' he bows rale gal-lant an' military loike, thin he turruns on his hailes an' addresses the assimbled throng.

"'Frinds an' Brithers' he says. 'Oi saloot youze. Oi' am honored to be wil-

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comed to this extinguished company. William' he says 'youze got yourn cause yez played golf whoile yer frinds Uncle Joe an' the American Woolen Co. ray-voised Schedule K.' 'Bromo' he says 'youze got yourn cause yez had too mooch wind in yer sail an' not enough ballast in yer boat.' 'Cook' he says 'youze got yourn cause yer fergot somewan else had a mortgage on the iceberrugs.' 'Teddy' he says 'youze git yourn iviry little whoile cause yez know too mooch an' can't kape it to yersel'. 'Now frinds' he says 'let's aal sing heartily:

'Av aal sad worruds av tongues or pens

'The saddest are these We are Has Bens.'

" 'Oi suppose youze waant to know' says he 'why oi am here annyway. Oi'll tell youze, frinds. Oi am the only self ilicted mimber av this glorious baand, an' oi'll tell youze why oi am joinin,' he says. 'Youze see' says he 'Sivin years ago the Baptis' av the Impoire State was lookin' round fer some onsuspectin' youth fer an acclaysiastical factotum. Bymby

their gaze loighted on an innocent la about me soize' he says 'and they p cayded to put wan over on me. H they says, you're young and wiry don't know whin yer bein' imposed youze git out into the game an' sh what youze can do. So loike a li fool oi trotted along. An' oi've ben tin' iver since. Taalk about yer perpual motion, man, the State Convinshu got it solved aal roight. Why' he s: 'only this month oi travelled fifteen h dhred moiles an' slept in sivin differ beds in wan wake, baysoides doin' other worruk. Oi'd have locomot Saint Vitus Dance if oi stayed onter tl job,' he says. 'It wud be a gude job some av youze fellers that ain't liv in peaceful relayshuns wid yer woiv he says 'fer youze have to be away graat dale av the toime an' youze c aisily foind excuses to be away aal toime. Here oi've travelled a hundh an' fifty thousan' moiles the last years in iviry koind av a vehycle but

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airship—not to mention the electrocuted branch av the Erie—he says—‘an’ (praise the gude Lord) oi haven’t had a hair av me head touched except by the barrber—an’ me woife—nayther have oi had a chanst to cash in on me accidint policies.’

“ ‘But’ he says ‘Oi think oi’ve sarved me toime jumpin’ other payple’s kids on me knees instid av me own, an’ atin’ other wimmin’s pancakes an’ mince poie.

‘An’ thin’ he goes on to say ‘some payple think it’s a great promoshun whin they git where they don’t have to caal on the sick an’ bury the dead an’ lade prayermaytins an’ dale wid sick souls an’ distressed consciences wan by wan. But oi wonders’ he says ‘whether anny man gits promoted verry far above the position av a pastor. Why,’ he says ‘whin yez are tryin’ to hellup some man who’s jist put some flowers on the noo made grave av his only choild that had just entered college, wid aal the worruld be-fure him, yer own faith is made sthronger

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## HOGAN AND HOGAN

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an' yez move more softly befure yer God. But whin yer dealin' wid some obstreperous churruch an' thryin' to hellup it mate its problem, yez fale more loike throwin' a hymn book at the ole toightwads an' tellin' the ole geisers they ain't worruth savin' annyway.

'Oi don't know' he says 'Whether the gude Lord will let me be a pastor agin or not. He may have some other worruk fer me. Oi shure ain't gude enough to be a pastor' he says. 'Oi cudn't blame God if He wudn't thrust wan av His flocks to me, but oi'd thry awful harrud if He did.'

'So Brothers' he says 'perhaps we can aal do betther as Has Bens than we did whin we were Its, eh?

'An' in closin' he says 'befure oi sit down with a few raymarruks in conclusion an' practical application—as the praychers say,—oi wud propose that iviry wan give his favorite sintiment an' most famous sayin'.

"What's yours thin, Mr. Ex-Presidint?" he says.

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*THE ORDER OF EX*

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“ ‘It’s the best tariff we ivir had’ replies the genial professor av law at Yale.”

“An’ what’s yours, now, Bromo?” he asks.

“ ‘Oi’m the same ole Bill’ ” says he.

“ ‘An’ yours—Dochter’ he says to Cook.

“ ‘Oi found the pole roight up under the sun, where yez cudn’t miss it, me proofs will show,’ ” was the reply.

“ ‘What’s yours, Teddy?’ he asks.

“ ‘It’s a contemptible, lowdown, malicious, unmitigated loie an’ the man that says it ain’t fit to associate wid dacent min’ answers Rosenfelt roight up smarrut.

“ ‘Verry gude, gintlemin’ says the noo mimber. ‘Youze are the rale stuff. Aal oi got to say is, Fergit it. Yer mimories is phwat ails youze fellers.

“ ‘An’ did he git away wid it, Matthew?’ ” asks Jim Flanigan.

“Oh yes, he did, aal roight” answers Matthew. “Yez see he had a dozen raysons why he wudn’t kape the job, bay-soides his family. An’ if they persecuted him in wan direckshun he cud head off



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in another, an' bayfore he got through he had thim aal tuckered out, an' had the race cinched."

"Oi see" continues Flanigan. "Thin they didn't want him to join yer lordge?"

"No, the Baptis' didn't" answers Hogan.

"They had ben hangin' on fer wakes thryin' to give him an assistant an' tellin' him to stay to home an' run things, but he bate thim at their own game, Jim."

"How's that?" asks Jim.

"Why Baptis' is that indepindint, yez know" answers Hogan, "that aal they cud do was to ask him to be gude an' do what they wanted, but they cudn't make him do it. An' so they lost him, Flanigan. An' may God bless thim aal."



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